

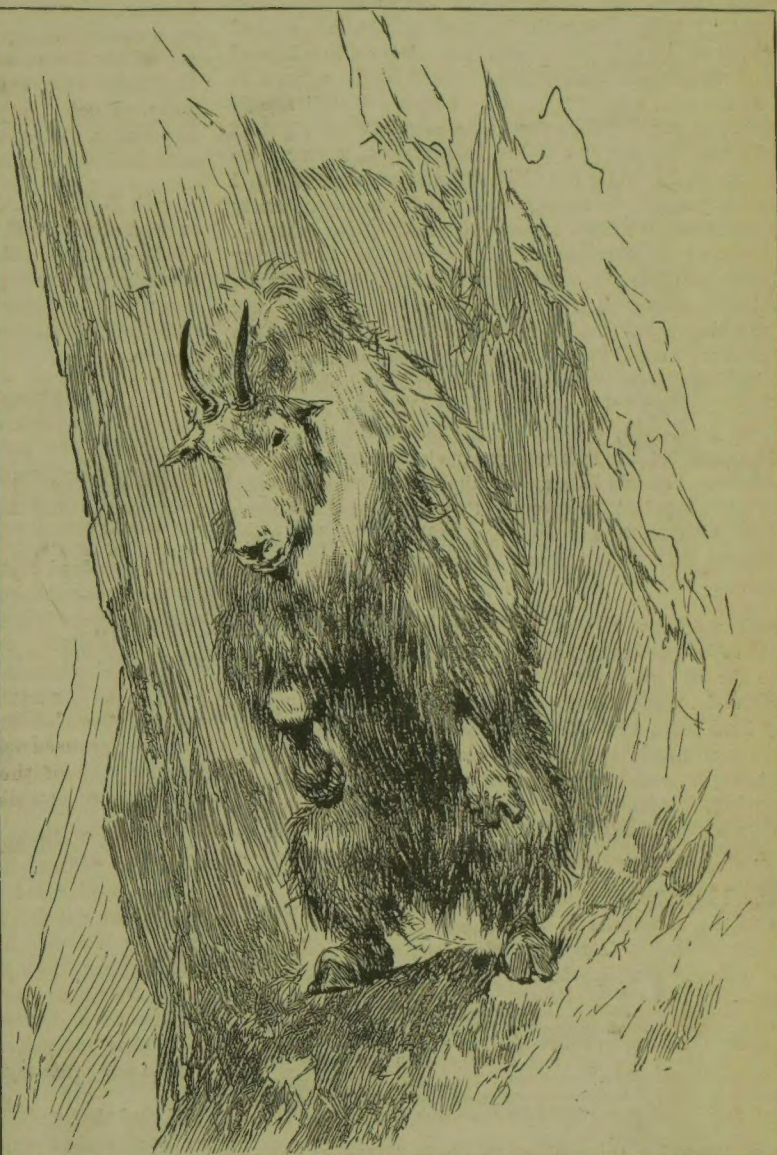
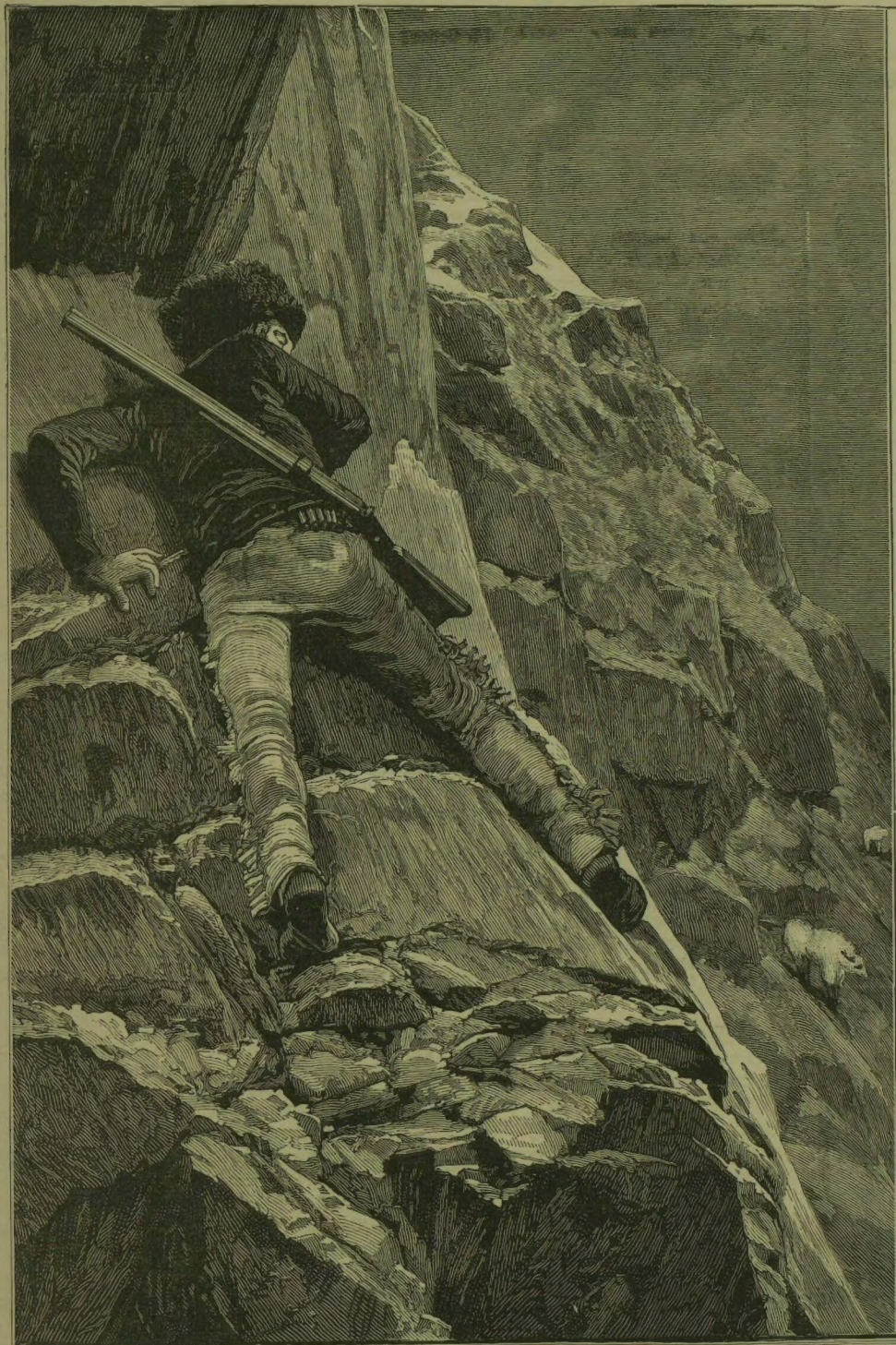
THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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TWO SIXPENCE.
WHOLE SHEETS By Post, 6½d.



1. An awkward corner.

2. An old one at bay.

3. Finding the quarry.

HUNTING-WILD GOATS IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS, NORTH AMERICA.

ECHOES OF THE WEEK.

I trust that I shall not be thought very impertinent if I say a few words about Brighton in connection with the proximate election of a member of Parliament in lieu of the worthy Alderman recently deceased. I have perhaps a faint kind of right to talk about Brighton, since I have known the town intimately for more than fifty years; and ever since I have been a man I have done my best to further the interests of London-super-Mare.

Mind, I am not going to talk politics from a polemical point of view. I am merely anxious to say that what strikes me as most singular and significant in the *pourparlers* of the Brighton election is the practical recognition by the Liberal party of the fact that at present they have no chance against the Conservatives of Brighton. The only way in which I can account for this virtual throwing up of the sponge is by using a very inelegant figure of speech. The great Liberal party, disunited by the insane Separatist movement, "got badly stung in the eye" at the last general election; and it will be a long time before the injured organ of vision gets well again. Now, when a man is stung in the eye, what can he do? I caught a chill myself last week, and for five days almost entirely lost the sight of my right eye. Nearly everything belonging to my vocation went to wrack, including the "Echoes," the proofs of which I was unable properly to correct, and which are consequently full of blunders. "Helas" instead of "Hellas," for example. *Helas!* So, as we are stung in the eye, the best thing we Liberals can do is to counsel the Conservatives to fix upon the best man among their party as a candidate. I do not know anything about Dr. Tindal Robertson, who is doubtless a local celebrity; but if Baron George De Worms is half as clever as his brother Baron Henry he might be found an eligible candidate. But my "pick" is Mr. Blundell Maple, an active, intelligent gentleman, well versed in business matters, and entirely to be depended upon to serve the interests of Brighton in the House. I should like to see him elected. The present Parliament cannot last for ever; and by the time of the next dissolution, perhaps, the Liberal eye, so badly swollen just now, will have got well, and we shall get a sound Radical in for Brighton.

I read with great gratification that a restaurant for vegetarian food has been opened by Messrs. Spiers and Pond opposite the Royal Courts of Justice. I am not a professed vegetarian—I am not, I hope, a professed "anythingarian"; but it is my fixed belief that English people who can afford it eat three times as much meat as they should properly consume, and that the poor do not eat enough animal food. If a vegetarian diet were largely adopted as an alternative for solid flesh, the price of meat might fall, and it would be more accessible to the poor.

Mem.: I have two or three vegetarian cookery-books. The preface to the oldest one in my possession is dated Salford, August 22, 1829. It is a distinctly pious cookery-book, as may be judged from the following exordium to the introduction:—

The pernicious custom of eating animal food having become so general in this country, the following observations are submitted to the consideration of the public, in the hope that some impartial and well-disposed persons will be thereby induced to relinquish the practice, from a conviction that the flesh of animals is not only unnecessary for the support of man, but that a vegetable diet is more favourable to health, humanity, and religion.

The most provoking thing about this book is that it has no titlepage. Some of the recipes appear to be excellent; the section devoted to eggs is especially varied and succulent. Mention is made of a ragout of eggs and mushrooms; a dish of asparagus and eggs (*œufs aux pointes d'asperges*); of eggs with cheese, and of egg fricassee, that the *chef* at Bignon's, or the Lion d'Or, in the Rue de Helder, might not disdain to take into consideration.

I note the death, at New York, of Mr. Charles Francis Adams—a name illustrious in American political history from the very earliest days of the Republic. Mr. C. F. Adams, who had attained a very advanced age, will be best remembered in this country as having held the post of United States Minister in London throughout the great Civil War. He was, I believe, a distinguished Greek scholar. I have a lively recollection of him as one of the most frigid gentlemen with whom I ever came in contact. He was exceedingly courteous, bland, and affable; but you had not been five minutes in his company before you began to wish that you had your great-coat on, and that you had donned some very fleecy woollen underclothing, and a pair of stout worsted socks, before you conferred with this very icy Minister Plenipotentiary. I went to see his Excellency in November, 1863, just before leaving for America, to ask him for a letter of introduction to Mr. Seward, the American Secretary of State. "Well, Sir," replied Mr. Charles Francis Adams, "your Press has done the Federal cause as much harm as ever it possibly could do during the past fifteen months; so I will give you the letter of introduction which you require." Mr. Adams kindly wrote and handed me the letter, which in due course of time I presented to Mr. W. H. Seward, at Washington. But I remember that it was not until I found myself in Portland-place, after my interview with Mr. Adams, that I felt that I had completely thawed.

The erudite and agreeable writer of "The Theatres" in the *Daily News* has stirred a long silent chord in my memory. Mr. Moy Thomas, in alluding to a recently re-published memoir of "Miss Mellon, afterwards Duchess of St. Albans," (two vols., Remington and Co.), alludes to its authoress, a lady whom he calls "Mrs. Cornwall Barron Wilson." The lady whom he mentions was a great friend of my mother, and her name was Cornwell-Baron Wilson. I think that about 1838 she was editing a fashion magazine, called "The New Monthly Belle Assemblée." At all events, I have a set of some twenty volumes of that genteel periodical on my shelves, and I find

that Mrs. Cornwell-Baron Wilson wrote miles of poetry, so to speak, in the "Belle Assemblée." I remember her as a very clever, accomplished, genial lady.

Oddly enough, more than twenty years ago, my eyesight being temporarily in a very hazy condition, I asked the late Mr. W. H. Wills, of *Household Words*, if he could recommend me a competent person to write leading articles from dictation. He said that he knew a very nice young lady, Miss Florence Wilson, who had been a governess in Russia. During many weeks she acted as my amanuensis; and in the course of conversation it transpired that she was the daughter of Mrs. Cornwell-Baron Wilson. She emigrated, I think, to British Columbia; and early in 1880 she came, as a widow, to see us, at the Palace Hotel, San Francisco. The world is not such a very big village, after all.

Who shall say there are no heroines now-a-days? What do you think of the brave Irish "colleen," a servant-girl at the house of a farmer at Lyrancroumpne, in Ireland, who, when on a recent Sunday night a band of disguised moonlighters visited the house and demanded arms, tore the masks from their faces and dared them to kill her? The moonlighters ran away. I note the act of heroism for the sake of Mr. Dion Boucicault. What a grand "situation" it would make for his next Irish sensation drama!

"R. E. A." is anxious to know the date of the last appearance on the stage of that admirable actress, Miss Helen Faucit (Lady Martin). He states that he has hunted through magazines, volumes of Stage Reminiscences, &c., in vain. Let him address his query to the editor of a well-known dramatic organ, called the *Era*, and he will at once receive a satisfactory answer.

"W. S." (Lisburn) writes to ask the name of the publishers of a big handbook of Australia, frequently mentioned in the "Echoes." The publishers of the "Australian Handbook" (incorporating New Zealand, New Guinea, and Fiji) are Messrs. Gordon and Gotch, of Sydney, Melbourne, Brisbane, and St. Bride-street, London, E.C.

A large fund of Antipodean information will also be found in the just-published "Her Majesty's Colonies," a series of original papers issued under the authority of the Royal Commission, compiled and edited by A. J. R. Trendell, C.M.G., with an introduction by J. R. Seeley, M.A. (London: W. Clowes and Sons). The services of Mr. Trendell in the literary department of the Kensington Exhibitions are too well known to need eulogy on my part. His latest compilation is in every way an eminently satisfactory one, and Professor Seeley's introduction is excellent reading.

"W. H. R." propounds a question which I am powerless to solve. "Why," he asks, "do the French, Italians, and Spaniards call Sunday 'Dimanche,' 'Dominica,' and 'Domingo,' having the day for the prefix; whereas with all their weekdays, as likewise in English and German (excepting the latter's convenient *Mittwoch*), the day is always the affix?" I can only answer that Sunday in the languages of the Latin races is derived from the Latin *Dominica* or *Dominicus*, *dies* being subunderstood. Some learned philologist may be able to enlighten my correspondent further.

I read that a plaster cast of the new Wellington equestrian statue at Hyde Park-corner has been inspected by the Wellington Statue Committee. I also read that "the Duke is seated upon his horse, which is rather a small one, but as near a copy of Copenhagen, the celebrated charger, as could be made. He is dressed in a General's frock-coat of the period, without the great cloak, and has a plain sash tied round the waist, and wears Hessian boots. In his right hand he holds a telescope, while the left rests upon the holster, holding a single rein. He wears a cocked hat with plumes."

Now, I am perfectly aware that I have another name besides "G. A. S." I am Mr. Nobody. I have no handle to my name. I am not a member of any Commission or Committee; and I am perfectly well aware that a Lord in his cradle, with a coral stuck between his toothless gums, has more power, more influence, more acceptance, and more weight in the social scale than I can have in the winter of a life devoted to the acquisition of knowledge. I am, nevertheless, prepared to maintain, in the teeth of Mr. E. J. Boehm, R.A., and all his fellow Academicians, of her Majesty's Office of Works, of the Ranger of Hyde Park, and the Vestry of St. James, Piccadilly, that the Duke of Wellington wore no plumes in his cocked hat at the battle of Waterloo. He wore a plain single-breasted surtout—not "a General's frock-coat," but a surtout of his own choosing—buckskin pantaloons, Hessians, and a long low cocked hat, worn fore and aft, *without any plumes*, but ornamented with a large black cockade, on which were sewn three smaller cockades, the insignia of his rank of a Field-Marshal of Spain, Portugal, and the Netherlands. The plumes were not added to this cocked hat until twelve days after the battle, when they were assumed as a compliment to Field-Marshal Prince Blücher, who, with all the officers of the Prussian staff, wore plumes. My informant and my authority for this statement, which I have made before, and which I shall make again, is Colonel Basil Jackson, now, or lately, of Ross, Herefordshire, who was Aide-de-Camp to the gallant Sir William De Lancey, killed early in the battle. Colonel Jackson, during the remainder of the glorious 18th of June, 1815, was an Aide-de-Camp "at large," and had many opportunities of "taking stock" of the minutest details of the Duke's costume.

Mem. I.: I can well understand how the error about the plumes and the cocked hat arose. Many years after Waterloo, the Duke lent to Mr. T. Jones Barker, the battle-painter, a cocked hat, decorated with plumes, which was really the Waterloo hat; only the illustrious warrior had forgotten that the plumes were not added to his headgear until he reached Paris in triumph.

Mem. II.: Colonel (in 1815, Lieutenant) Basil Jackson saw something else, that day in June, when he was an Aide-de-Camp "at large." He took a ride into the Forest of Soignies; and there he saw the Belgian troops, who had so timeously run away from the French fire, tranquilly enjoying the soup which they had cooked in their camp-kettles. Quite an "As You Like It" scene! I wonder if anyone sang "What shall he have who killed the deer?" in Flemish. But what should they have had who "bolted" from Mont St. Jean? The deer's "leathern skin" on their backs, I wis.

With the profoundest veneration for the French Academy—the Forty Immortals, as they are justly called—I am obliged to make a confession which obviously should expose me to the extremest shame and humiliation, but which, nevertheless, I do not hesitate to publish, because some kind reader will probably enlighten my ignorance; and to have your ignorance enlightened should be one of the chief aims of life. I learn that M. Gréard has been elected to fill one of the forty famous arm-chairs, in the room of the late Comte De Falloux. M. Gréard received seventeen votes out of a total of thirty-one, of which eleven were recorded for the Comte d'Haussonville, and three for M. De Vallée. I never heard of M. Gréard. Who is he?

I have often asked myself what effect would be produced on English literature if we were blessed, or afflicted, with an Academy of Letters? Not in jest, but in right earnestness, I drew up the other evening a list of forty possible English British immortals, assuming that their nomination rested in the first instance with the Crown. Here is the schedule:—

Lord Tennyson, Mr. Robert Browning, Mr. Lewis Morris, Professor Max Müller, Professor Sayce, Mr. Froude, Mr. Freeman, Professor Skeat, Dr. George Macdonald, Mr. Edward Dicey, Mr. Matthew Arnold, Professor Huxley, Sir Richard Owen, the Earl of Carnarvon, Sir John Lubbock, Dr. St. George Mivart, Dr. Benjamin Ward Richardson, Lord Wolsley, General Hamley, Professor Morley, Mr. Andrew Lang, Mr. Saintsbury, Dr. William Smith, Mr. Edwin Arnold, Mr. Alfred Austin, the Marquis of Salisbury, Sir William V. Harcourt, the Earl of Rosebery, Professor Blackie, Mr. Herbert Spencer, Professor David Masson, Dr. W. H. Russell, the Earl of Lytton, Mr. Henry Reeve, Sir Theodore Martin, Mr. John Ruskin, Sir G. Otto Trevelyan, Mr. Antonio Gallenga, Mr. James Payn, and Cardinal Newman.

But how about Mr. Algernon Charles Swinburne? How about Sir Richard Burton? How about the Right Honourable Mr. John Morley? And Mr. Burnand? An English Academy of Letters could not possibly exist without the enlivening presence of the Gloomy Chieftain.

There has been a tempest in a teapot, or rather in the turtle-soup tureen of the Court of Common Council. A Common Councilman has made solemn complaint and protest, because on Lord Mayor's Day, or rather night, he was denied admission to Guildhall, although he was clad in his mazarine gown. He considered that the robe in question should have been a passport to the banquetting hall; but the Remembrancer held that the only "Open, sesame," to the feast should be a "coupon." I cannot help fancying that the Remembrancer was right.

The impudence of the pickpocket fraternity is growing more brazen every day; and it would not have been difficult for a number of the light-fingered fraternity to assume a mazarine gown, and slip into the Guildhall with an eye to the spoons, and possibly to the loving-cup. Fashionable weddings, it would appear, are now habitually frequented by cut-purses; and there is at least one handsomely-attired lady pickpocket who goes to church in her brougham, and afterwards has the hardihood to follow the bridal party to the house or the hotel where the breakfast is given.

But what is the meaning of a mazarine gown? The dictionaries define "mazarine" as a deep blue colour, so named after Cardinal Mazarin. But Cardinals do not wear blue; and there is no mention of any "couleur mazarin" or "mazarine" in Littré. Ill-natured people might hint that "mazarine," as applied to a Common Councillor's gown, is derived from "mazer," a drinking vessel, which comes from the old French word "mazre" or "mazarin," and that the Councilmen put on their "mazers" or "mazarines" in order to partake at their ease of the loving cup, or cups.

Should we receive with complacency or with horror the announcement just made public that early next Session a bill will be brought into Parliament to authorise the construction of a railway from Ambleside to Windermere? What will Mr. Vicat Cole, R.A., what will Mr. Keeley Halswelle, what will Mr. William Beverley say to the projected railway? And, dear, dear me! what might the solemn spectre of William Wordsworth, Poet Laureate and Stamp Distributor of Westmoreland, say to the contemplated inroad on the sweet sanctity of the Lake district? Hear W. W. again "On the projected Kendal and Windermere Railway," a sonnet written in 1844:—

Is there no nook of English ground secure
From rash assault? Schemes of retirement sown
In youth, and 'mid the busy world kept pure
As when their earliest flowers of hope were blown,
Must perish—how can they this blight endure?
And must he, too, the ruthless change bemoan
Who scorns a false utilitarian lure
'Mid his paternal fields at random thrown?
Baffle the threat, bright scene, from Orrethead,
Given to the pausing traveller's rapturous glance;
Plead for thy peace, thou beautiful romance
Of Nature; and, if human hearts be dead,
Speak, passing winds; ye torrents, with your strong
And constant voice, protest against the wrong.

Since writing the paragraph—which I see no cause to cancel—about the plumes in the hat of the hero of Waterloo, I have read a most interesting communication, addressed to "Atlas," of the *World*, by Mr. E. J. Boehm, R.A. The distinguished sculptor observes, *inter alia*, "The Duke wore no plume; but I put one, to correct the ugly form of the hat." Marry come up, Mr. E. J. Boehm, R.A.! Is historical truth to be sacrificed in order that the ugly form of a hat may be corrected? We shall hear next of the *petit chapeau* of Napoleon at Austerlitz being ornamented with a plume of ostrich feathers big enough for a mourning-coach horse, or of the cutting off of George III's bronze pig-tail in Cockspur-street to "correct" the ugly form of his epaulets.

G. A. S.

THE SOCIALIST MEETING ON SUNDAY.

The Metropolitan Police authorities and the Home Office proved, last Sunday, that they have ample means of keeping the peace in London, since they can never again be taken by surprise, as they were on the memorable day in February, by the horde of town savages who would avail themselves of a mob meeting to attack the clubs and shops of the West-End. Trafalgar-square, in any case, is a most improper place for public meetings, being adjacent to the great thoroughfares of street traffic, and in the centre of social business. Its middle space, around the fountains, might be converted into a garden, enclosed by railings, beautified with grass and shrubs, like the Thames Embankment gardens, and reserved for a pleasant promenade open to all well-behaved persons, an ornament to the metropolis, and a refreshing sight amidst the buildings of the greatest of cities. The cost of this desirable improvement would not be considerable, while it would finally take away all excuse for holding popular assemblies in that wide open space, instead of in the parks, or in the less inhabited outer parts of London.

The whole gathering of people in Trafalgar-square on Sunday afternoon did not exceed twenty or thirty thousand, but on an ordinary week-day might probably have amounted to thrice that number. Nine-tenths of them, as usual, were mere idle spectators, unconnected with the contemptible agitators of the "Social Democratic Federation," and nothing was to be seen of the really large aggregate of unemployed working men who unhappily exist, but are entirely opposed to violence, at the East-End and in some quarters of North and South London. Organised processions, starting from fifteen different points, but uniting to form six or seven district groups, from Chelsea and Battersea, from Lambeth, Southwark, Bermondsey, and Deptford, from Limehouse, Hackney, and Shoreditch, from St. Pancras and Camden Town, marched into Trafalgar-square between two and three o'clock; but each division mustered only a few hundred, and the aggregate was estimated at not much above two thousand. They came with banners which bore such inscriptions as "Work for All," "Be not Slaves," and "Solve the Labour Question"; also with red flags, their bands of music playing various tunes. Detachments of mounted police rode before and behind them, to see that the streets were kept clear of stationary crowds.

These parties, who composed the Socialist meeting in Trafalgar-square, while the thousands of other people, respectably dressed men, boys, and women, seemed only lookers-on, got close to the Nelson Column, where the appointed speakers clambered to the several angles of the elevated base; while others stood at the corners of the stone balustrade in front of the National Gallery. Five or six platforms for the speakers were thus obtained, with a small audience for each, whose place was denoted by the red flags, but the general multitude heard not a word of the speeches, and few cared to draw near. Mr. Hyndman spoke at the west end of the National Gallery. The aspect of the square, during the proceedings, was a curious spectacle, enlivened by frequent bursts of cheering, derisive laughter, and groans of execration at certain names of public men; but there was no sign of intended violence or conflict in the demeanour of any portion of the mob. Indeed, if such an attempt had been made, they would easily have been dispersed, and their leaders would have been arrested in a few minutes; for detachments of police, each fifty strong, drawn up in double lines with military precision, held commanding positions in the square, and could have surrounded every platform before the separate parties could have merged into a formidable body. The main avenues of approach or egress from Pall-mall East, Cockspur-street, Whitehall, Northumberland-avenue, and the Strand, round by St. Martin's Church and St. Martin's-lane, were guarded by troops of mounted police.

The Chief Commissioner, Sir Charles Warren, had about four thousand men available for any emergency; and of this force a hundred were mounted. The force of men at command were located in Scotland-yard, the King-street and Vine-street Police Stations, St. George's Barracks, which are situated at the back of the National Gallery, and other convenient points near Trafalgar-square and Piccadilly. At the Albany, Wellington, St. George's, and Knightsbridge Barracks five hundred soldiers were held in readiness for instant service, and at each of the military depôts a magistrate was in attendance to read the Riot Act. At Whitehall the entire staff of the Home District was on duty; and the arrangement for telegraphic and telephonic communication between Trafalgar-square and all parts of the metropolis was complete. Sir Charles Warren was in attendance; and orderlies were engaged the whole afternoon conveying messages between the Chief Commissioner and his deputy, Colonel Roberts, in charge of the police in the square. The four detachments of police in the square were under the command respectively of Superintendents Fisher, Arnold, Lucas, and Stiggles.

As it was known that a deputation would proceed to Lord Salisbury's house, in Arlington-street, the possibility of a disturbance was guarded against by efficient precautions. Along Pall-mall, St. James's-street, and Piccadilly, double patrols of constables were stationed at intervals of a few yards. In Bennett-street, which leads from St. James's-street to Lord Salisbury's house, a force of fifty men was drawn up, under Superintendent Hume and Inspector Reilly. At the back of the house, which abuts on the Green Park, another detachment of fifty was stationed, and an equal number at the bottom of Arlington-street. Besides these, a strong force was stationed at the top of the street to prevent any irruption from Piccadilly, and a dozen constables were in Lord Salisbury's house. This force was under the inspection of Mr. A. C. Howard, one of the four Chief Constables, who also had a detachment of fifty men stationed in the courtyard of Devonshire House, Piccadilly, the residence of the Duke of Devonshire and Lord Hartington, and another strong reserve posted at the Wellington Arch, Hyde Park. Piccadilly, as well as Pall-mall, was patrolled by constables in pairs. The whole scheme was so ordered that a thousand men could have been concentrated, in case of necessity, upon any given point within a few minutes.

A few minutes before four, the deputation appointed at the meeting in Trafalgar-square walked up quietly to Arlington-street, with a following of a few score of people. They were headed by Mr. H. W. Lee, secretary to the Social Democratic Federation. On their arrival at Lord Salisbury's house, they were received by one of his servants, and admitted to the hall. The deputation remained a few minutes, wrote down the resolution passed at the meeting, and then went back to report the result of their mission. Shortly after the breaking up of the meeting, people began to leave Trafalgar-square, the processions making little figure. The mounted constables prevented any fresh assemblage in Pall-mall, St. James's-street, or Piccadilly; and the evening was quiet.

Mr. Thomas Porter, a Manchester merchant, has promised £50,000 to the Crossley Orphan Home and School, Halifax—an institution founded and endowed by members of the well-known firm of carpet manufacturers—on condition that the name be altered to "The Crossley and Porter Orphan Home and School."

HUNTING THE ROCKY MOUNTAIN GOAT.

The wild goat, *Apyocerus montanus*, found by sportsmen in Western America, between the Cascade and Sierra Nevada regions of California and the Rocky Mountains, and northward in Oregon and British Columbia, is ranked by naturalists with the European chamois, and is deemed to be allied with the antelope family. It is about the size and shape of a merino sheep, and is covered with a snowy white fleece of fine hair that hangs down its sides; the chin has a long pointed white beard; the ears are pointed; the horns are black, 6 in. or 8 in. long, ringed in the lower part, and slightly curved at the upper ends. Flocks of a dozen or more, guarded by a male sentinel, graze over the elevated slopes, and, when alarmed, seek refuge on the loftiest craggy peaks amidst the snows. They are seldom to be seen at heights of less than 5000 ft. or 6000 ft. Mr. J. M. Murphy, in his instructive and interesting book, "Sporting Adventures in the Far West," published by Sampson Low and Co., gives a chapter to this animal and its hunters, whom he joined in Washington Territory and in Montana. He accompanied a party of Indians over the Cascade Range; and had a shot at one goat which seemed to be wounded by his rifle-bullet, but which escaped, darting like a cat across the rocks overhanging a dizzy precipice. In Montana, on the mountains near Deer Lodge, where he pursued this difficult game with a veteran American hunter, aided by a couple of rough terriers which were trained specially to drive the animals from retreats inaccessible to man, he enjoyed better sport. "There must be some on 'em here," said his comrade, "for I never knowed this place to fail me; so I'll bet my boots we'll get a crack at one in less than twenty minutes." A group of about a dozen, most of them kids and their dams, having been routed by the active little terriers, started from the cover of a huge crag, not fifty paces distant.

"Fire quickly!" was the word; and Mr. Murphy, with his repeating rifle, fired thrice, while the old hunter sent four bullets whizzing at the fleeing flock. Before they could get another shot, the goats had vanished, apparently at one bound, over a precipice; but following the chase, "we were gratified," says Mr. Murphy, "to find within an area of fifty yards a dam and two kids about six weeks old. 'Fast-rate shooting that,' said the guide; 'it seems to me we'll have good luck to-day, and make a regular haul; but we needn't expect to get such good shots again, as they never allow one to get so close as that to 'em.' I asked him at what range he generally shot them; and he replied that it averaged at least from two to three hundred yards, and that he considered himself very lucky if he killed one in motion, owing to the difficulty of shooting any object that bounds in an irregular manner. 'I'd rather bet on killing five deer than one goat,' said he, with the cold tone of an experienced hunter; 'for I know how the deer will go, but nobody knows which way a goat will jump; and, besides that, he generally covers himself with rocks when he can.' After 'drawing' those we had slain, we placed them on a crag, which we marked by bearings, and went in quest of more; but, after trudging through deep gullies and over rock-bound plateaus until noon, we were compelled to return to camp, the guide having concluded that we could do nothing in the heat of the day, as the animals concealed themselves, after the morning repast, until evening again.

"Having reached our primitive quarters, we cut off a portion of the kid and roasted it, but it did not prove as palatable as one would expect; though tender, it was dry and insipid. Throwing ourselves on the bunch of boughs and leaves that answered for a couch, we dozed until five in the afternoon, when we again sallied forth. Taking a direction opposite to that which we had taken in the morning, a walk of half a mile brought us to a perfect little paradise of a valley, covered with green luxuriant herbage, watered by a pretty stream, and surrounded by stupendous crags of igneous formation. The guide felt assured that we should meet some goats, and we prepared for the event by filling up the magazine of our Winchester rifles, and half-cocking them. After a careful scanning of the boulders, we espied a group of half a dozen animals in a niche far above us.

"Making a détour to the right, where a chasm yawned, we got to within a quarter of a mile of them; but, finding ourselves to the windward, and in a spot where we could get only one shot ere they might disappear, the guide took up one of the dogs and showed him where the goats were browsing. Wagging his tail, to indicate that he understood his mission, the dog started off at his best speed, followed by the other dog, while we hastened back to an isolated mass of rock that skirted the vale on the north-east. The dogs having a wide détour to make, in order to get above the goats, we were concealed before their sharp bark announced that they had found the quarry. As soon as the animals were started, they came bounding down into the valley, closely followed by the dogs, which kept up an incessant yelping.

"I was so interested in watching the daring leaps and nimble clambering of the flock, that I forgot all about my purpose of tumbling one over; and it was only when the guide stated that we would have to 'run for a shot,' that I was recalled to it. Running at our best speed towards a series of boulders that marked the line of a canyon, we reached there in time to see the flock bounding upward again; but, ere they disappeared, we managed to get a rather indifferent shot at a couple in the rear, at a distance of about one hundred yards. We did not expect to claim any prizes from that effort; but we concluded to search, in hopes that we might have wounded one at least. Great was our satisfaction to find a handsome kid stretched dead on the ground, and a trail of blood a little further on, a proof that another had been seriously wounded. Following this gory pathway for several hundred yards, we reached a clump of dwarf pines, and there found a yearling male in the last throes of dissolution. An examination revealed the fact that he was shot through the heart, so we were not a little surprised at his tenacity of life. Shouldering the slain, we returned to camp, and feasted that night on tender kid. Having satisfied, to the full, an ambition of mine, we broke up our quarters, and four days after were back in Deer Lodge, I, for one, being highly pleased with our good fortune."

Our Artist's Sketches represent experiences of a still more exciting character, in the mountains of British Columbia: a hunter climbing a rocky cliff, and "holding on by his eyelids"; an old male goat at bay, ready to defend himself with his sharp pair of horns; and the finding of one shot, by an Indian guide who has just turned "a nasty corner" of the rocks a few steps in advance of the sportsman.

The Lord Mayor has formed a council of experienced persons to advise as to any charitable action to be taken to relieve distress in the coming winter.

A beautiful painted glass window has been placed in Oakley Church, Suffolk (of which Mr. G. M. Paterson is the Rector), to the memory of the late Sir Edward Clarence Kerrison, Bart., of Oakley Park and Brome Hall, Suffolk. He was for a long time member for Eye, and afterwards for the county of Suffolk. The memorial window, which was supplied by Messrs. Heaton, Butler, and Baynes, was unveiled last week before a large concourse of people.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

The rumour that Princess Victoria Mary of Teck is engaged to marry Lord Weymouth, has directed a friendly interest towards that charming young lady. She is one of the prettiest of the young generation of the Royal family—not regularly beautiful, by any means, but gifted with so bright an expression of countenance (with even a dash of audacity in it) that her appearance is quite charming. Her home name is "the Princess May," and throughout last season she was constantly to be seen in bonnets in which a bunch of the tiny May-blossom formed a most becoming aigrette. The statement that the Marquis of Bath has made it a condition of his consent to the union that his proposed daughter-in-law shall give up her Royal precedence, and take rank only as Lady Weymouth, is, it is to be hoped, accurate, if any part of the rumour is. Nothing can be more uncomfortable than for the husband and wife to occupy different degrees in society. Her Majesty felt a similar position bitterly in the case of the Prince Consort. In England, her undisputable will placed him beside her wherever they might be. But on the Continent she was the Monarch ruling over a great nation, while he was only the younger son of a German Duke; and etiquette was always endeavouring to separate those whom God had joined together. It was a source of great annoyance to the Queen, who, like a true woman, desired that all people should show even more respect to her "dear master" than to herself.

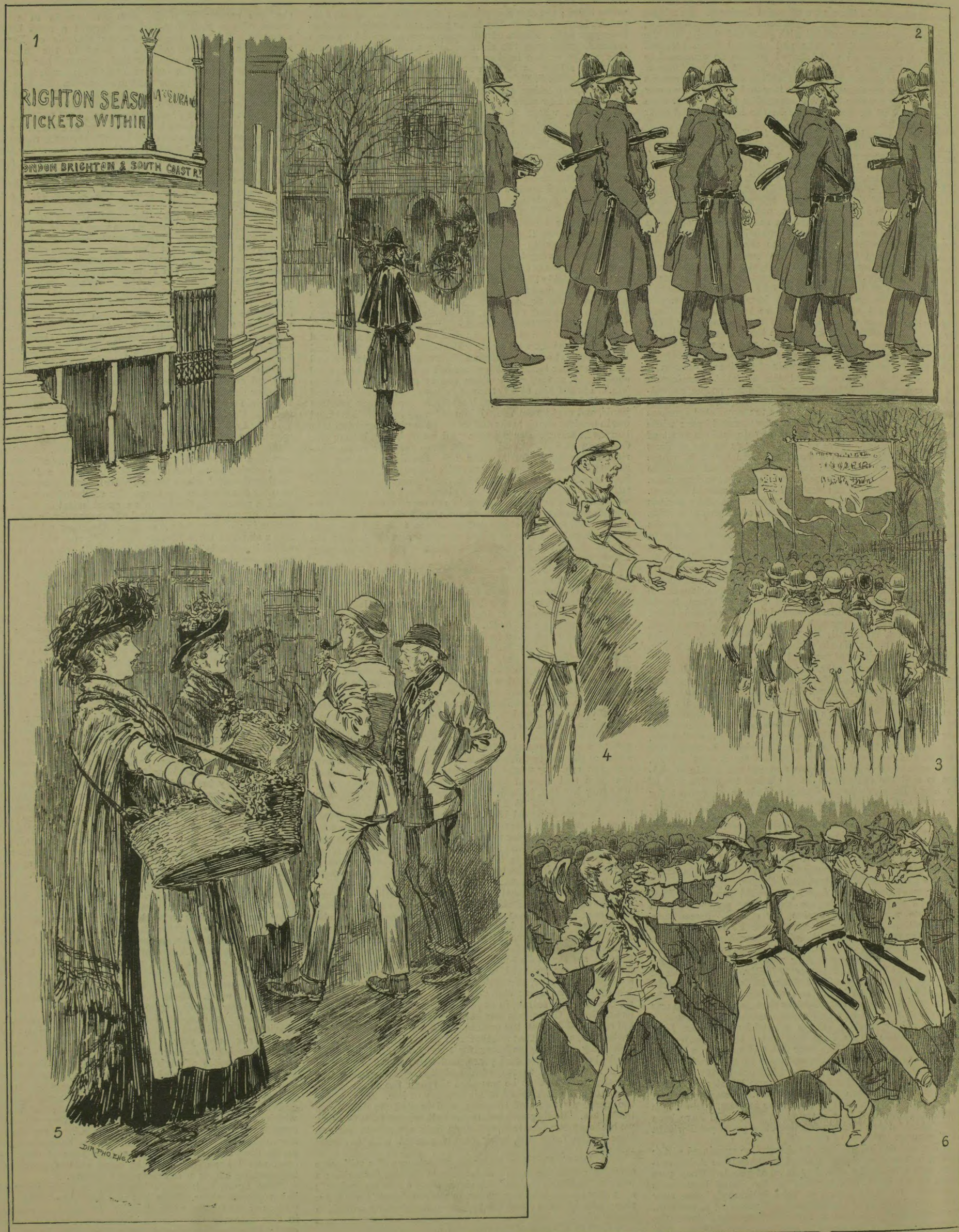
I should think that the remembrance of the many mortifications and annoyances that were caused on this score by ill-conditioned and jealous people would lead her Majesty to approve of a proposal that the precedence of Royal blood should be waived by the ladies of her house, of a second or third generation removed from the throne, when they marry English Peers. No one can doubt that such marriages might often be more desirable, from every point of view, for young Princesses who are distant from all chance of succession to the throne, than alliances with poor foreigners who have the empty title of Royal rank to offer and nothing more. Nor can there be much question that marriages between Peers and the younger female scions of the Royal house would be facilitated and made more frequent if the custom were established of the lady resigning her precedence of blood on her marriage. I am not quite certain, however, whether the thing can be done, even by Sovereign power. Is it possible for a Princess to become not a Princess, any more than for the leopard to change his spots?

The London shops are very bright and gay with the approach of Christmas. The incessant demand for "some new thing" is met to a wonderful extent each year. Amongst the novelties this season are to be seen a variety of new shapes for drawing-room thermometers. There is a battle-axe in bright gilt metal, with a thermometer inserted down the handle; another one is set in the shape of a realistic banjo; and yet a third is placed lengthwise in an exact imitation of a torpedo. Small cruets are another kind of comparatively inexpensive article in which variety is endless. One new set looks at first like a stand of three plovers' eggs; the one which holds the salt is irregularly broken round the top, the ones for the pepper and mustard appear as though they had not yet been touched, while, of course, on closer inspection one of these is found to have a hinged lid to raise and the other to be perforated for the pepper. A simpler but very useful idea is a revolving cruet, which turns on a central stem like a miniature dumb waiter. This is hardly a new notion, for it has long been employed for large heavy sauce-cruets—the novelty consists in its being applied to tiny breakfast or corner sets. "Lady's companions" are made in every variety of style, too. A pair of bellows in the fashionable, though to me painfully glaring, "Royal red" leather, opens in the middle to display a complete set of working materials. Another design, also in leather, but of brown and green shades, represents a bunch of asparagus, the tops turning back as a lid.

The rage for drawing-room pincushions continues. A piece of yellow plush for a centre, with petals of white plush drawn over card of the required shape to stiffen them, makes a water-lily pincushion. Mushroom pincushions are made out of plush of dark mushroom colour; while some, in the same shape, imitate fungi of a very light fawn, with red spots over it. Fruit is wonderfully imitated in these trifles. The peach and the lemon pincushions are excellent. The very latest novelty is the carrot pincushion. All these are, of course, cheap gifts. Among the more expensive new articles prepared for presents, solid silver photograph frames are about the prettiest that I have seen. The new feather fans are very beautiful, too. A lyre-shape fan was covered in big black ostrich feathers, with an aigrette of silver osprey at the handle for its only relief. Perhaps this looked a little like a mute's trappings. No such objection could be made to another big fan of white feathers, arranged in the form of a Prince of Wales's plume, the centre feather being no less than twenty inches long; a cluster of osprey and a big bow and ends of white ribbon finishing it at the top of the very short tortoiseshell round handle. These fans do not close in any way, and are, however beautiful, heavy and cumbersome to carry. A contrast to them is found in the ever-fashionable lace fans, which are now commonly made on tortoiseshell sticks, the latter being sometimes enriched with rubies and diamonds set in initials, or in a scroll-pattern of goldsmith's work. These dark sticks are more effective for lace fans than the older fashion of ivory ones.

The Chelsea Hospital for Women, in Fulham-road, is a charity which relieves nearly ten thousand suffering members of our sex every year. It has gained an addition to its revenue annually during the last few seasons by aid of a number of ladies of title and position, including Countess Cadogan, Lady Brassey of Bulkeley, Mrs. L. De Rothschild, and many others, organising a series of subscription Cinderella dances at Prince's Hall. The subscription is moderately high, and tickets can only be obtained on patronesses' vouchers, which facts combined keep the dances very select. The secretary, Mr. Easterbrook, writes to inform me that this season's series begins on Dec. 2. There have always been pretty dresses, nice people, and a good floor at the previous ones, and I hope there may be equal success attending the forthcoming efforts of so deserving a charity.

Miss Agnes Strickland's biography is being prepared by her youngest sister. Who has not read Agnes Strickland's "Lives of the Queens of England"? If any of my readers are in this category, they should commence the undertaking at once; there is a wonderful amount of historic lore in the volumes, conveyed in an easy, interesting, almost gossiping, style. Agnes Strickland was one of the most lovely women who ever wore cerulean hose; sweet and gentle to look at as an 1838 book of beauty fashion-plate. She was a member of an old Suffolk family, whose circumstances were somewhat reduced, but whose social status remained unaffected. There was a pathetic love episode in her life; as how could there but have been, when so charming a woman died unmarried? Her sister Elizabeth helped Agnes in the *magnum opus*. Another sister, Mrs. Moodie, emigrated with her husband to Canada in the early days of backwood settlement, and ultimately supported her young family almost entirely by her fertile pen. They were, altogether, a remarkable company. F. F. M.



1. A corner of Trafalgar-square on Sunday morning.
2. Marching to the front.

3. A Socialist contingent.
4. A leading orator.

5. Red button-holes for swell Socialists.
6. "Pass on, gentlemen!"

SKETCHES OF THE SOCIALIST MEETING IN TRAFALGAR-SQUARE ON SUNDAY.



AGRICULTURAL SCENES—NOVEMBER: THE APPLE HARVEST.

THE COURT.

The Queen is, we rejoice to state, in excellent health. Her Majesty received, at Windsor Castle, on Thursday week, five Arab horses (four bays and a chestnut), a present from the Sultan of Muscat. The number sent was six, but one was lost in the Bay of Biscay. They were in charge of Arab grooms, in their native costume. The Queen was accompanied by Princess Louise and Princess Beatrice. The Queen went to London on Friday afternoon, and, accompanied by Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne, visited the Duchess of Cambridge at St. James's Palace. The Marquis of Salisbury had an audience of her Majesty. Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne, and the Marquis of Lorne, left the Castle. The Duchess of Albany, with Princess Alice and the infant Duke of Albany, arrived at the Castle on Saturday morning from Claremont. The Queen went out in the morning, accompanied by Princess Beatrice and Princess Irene of Hesse; and in the afternoon drove out, accompanied by Princess Beatrice and the Duchess of Albany. On Sunday morning the Queen and Royal family, and the members of her Majesty's household, attended Divine service in the private chapel. The Very Rev. Randall Davidson, D.D., Dean of Windsor, assisted by the Very Rev. C. J. Vaughan, D.D., Dean of Llandaff and Deputy Clerk of the Closet to the Queen, officiated; and the Very Rev. Dr. Vaughan preached the sermon. Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein visited her Majesty. On Monday the Queen received Prince Komatsu, who arrived in England the previous Saturday, on a special mission from the Emperor of Japan, for the purpose of conferring on the Prince of Wales the insignia of the Imperial Japanese Order of the Chrysanthemum. Her Majesty, accompanied by the Duchess of Albany, Prince Henry of Battenberg, and Princess Irene of Hesse, entered the White Drawing-room at three o'clock. The members of the special mission were presented to the Queen by the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs and the Countess of Idlesleigh. The Japanese Minister and Madame Masataka were present. The Earl of Idlesleigh G.C.B., had an audience of her Majesty. Lord and Lady Randolph Churchill arrived at Windsor Castle in the evening, on a visit to the Queen, and were included in the Royal dinner party. On Tuesday morning the Queen went out, accompanied by the Duchess of Albany, Prince Henry of Battenberg, and Princess Irene of Hesse.

Princess Henry of Battenberg was safely delivered of a son at five o'clock on Tuesday morning, at Windsor Castle. Her Royal Highness and the infant Prince are doing well.

The Prince of Wales, after presiding at the meeting of the Wellington Statue Committee last Saturday, left Marlborough House for Sandringham. The Earl of Carnarvon, Lord Herschell, and Sir Henry James arrived at Sandringham the same day, on a visit to the Prince and Princess. Their Royal Highnesses, accompanied by their three daughters, and by the guests in the house, and attended by the ladies and gentlemen of the household, were present at Divine service at St. Mary Magdalene Church on Sunday morning. The Rev. F. A. J. Hervey, M.A., Rector of Sandringham, and Domestic Chaplain to the Prince and Princess, officiated and preached the sermon. Their Royal Highnesses will give a tenants' ball at Sandringham House next Friday.

The *Gazette* contained an announcement that the Duke of Connaught has been appointed a Major-General on the Staff, to command a division of the Bengal Army.

AGRICULTURAL SCENES: NOVEMBER.

APPLE-GATHERING.

Whilst of many persons Burns said—

It is all for the apple they nourish the tree;
It is all for the honey they cherish the bee,

there will be found others who care for neither the fruit nor the honey, yet are charmed with the sight of apple-laden branches, and are glad to witness the industry of the Busy Bee. Very ancient and sacred is the history of the apple; and Paradise hangs still about the fruit, giving to its blossoms in spring a primal ravishing beauty of pink and white colour, and of unworldly fragrance. If the fall of man may be ascribed to the apple, to the fall of an apple man owes the suggestion of a great law of the universe, since Sir Isaac Newton recognised gravitation in his garden when the fruit dropped back to mother earth. If forty centuries look down from the Pyramids, sacred history gives more than fifty centuries to the apple as one of those fruits of the earth pleasant to the eye and to the taste. Then the poets also in very early times chose to give the apple a bad name, and make it an object of discord. Paris had but one apple to bestow on three beautiful women, and having to choose the fairest, made foes of her two companions. The same hostility might be awakened at any evening party of this nineteenth century if any rash young gentleman were willing to repeat the example set him by Homer's hero. Probably most modern hostesses would refuse to allow the attempt to be made. But for these associations, more fanciful than real, the apple deservedly keeps the favour of the world, as an honest, healthy, substantial fruit adapted to many uses. Its beauty and variety are pre-eminent; colour, taste, size, and fragrance making a collection of apples a kaleidoscope of fruit. The late Colonial Exhibition, by its show of apples, roused up the interest of the growers of English apples. The Canadians do not simply plant the trees and leave them to chance, but study the soils adapted to different varieties, treating the trees properly when troubled with insect pests, and giving attention to a hundred other details, so as to bring Canadian fruit to a high state of perfection. The apple-trade of the United States has become one of its great industries, fruit being dried, preserved, and otherwise made suitable for export all over the world. What apples are in the north of France cannot be here further referred to than noting that in cider they furnish the drink of the people, as the grape does in the southern and eastern departments. The English Channel separates Normandy from Devonshire, the latter being England's second apple county. Botanists affirm all the different kinds of apple-trees now in cultivation are mere varieties of the one species that in its wild state is known as the crab-tree. It is reckoned a native of Britain, as of most parts of the Northern Hemisphere. The Romans probably introduced our cultivated varieties. The apple-tree is considered the most diffused and valuable of all fruit-trees. The apple called "costard" is said to have given a name to an industrious class—those merchants of the streets called "costermongers," who dealt originally in apples.

Looking at the picture—at the branches well-nigh bare of leaves, but still laden with apples, one thinks of the last fruits of autumn as Moore thought of "The Last Rose of Summer": the closing of that grand procession of fruits and flowers that have marched through the year, each in due season. For the writer, one tree remains planted in his memory: it was called "The Flower of Kent," grew by the side of a clear fish-pond, had climbable branches for girls and boys, and bore captivating, rosy-streaked fruit, that was irresistible to some children of my acquaintance when they were six to seven years old, who, when they read of the tempting apples of Paradise, thought

they were like those on our own famous "Flower of Kent." The name of Kent suggests the agricultural statistics of the Government just issued, which give the proportionate areas of orchards, &c., throughout the kingdom: the chief being, in acreage, Hereford, 27,112, Devon, 26,414, Somerset, 23,640, Worcester, 18,527, Kent, 18,296, these five give more than half of the total, 195,071 acres, in all the counties. H. K.-J.

OUR CHRISTMAS NUMBER.

Will be Published on Dec. 6.

A LARGE COLOURED PICTURE

By Sir J. E. MILLAIS, Bart., R.A.,

LITTLE MISS MUFFET,

A STARTLING STORY by BRET HARTE,

ENTITLED

A MILLIONAIRE OF ROUGH-AND-READY.

ENGRAVINGS.

Christmas Has Come Again!	By Florence Gravier.
Tuning Up	By W. Rainey.
The Mistletoe Bough	By A. Hunt.
Turkey in Egypt: Christmas at Cairo	By G. L. Seymour.
Graziella	By C. E. Perugini.
A Man and a Brother	By R. C. Woodville.
The Biter Bit; or, The Highwayman's Collapse	By F. Barnard.
A Midnight Alarm	By F. Barnard.
A Millionaire of Rough-and-Ready	By W. H. Overend.
Home!	By R. C. Woodville.
The Kittens' Christmas Party	By Louis Wain.
The Lesson for the Day	By A. Hunt.
Some of My Partners	By Hal Ludlow.
Mr. Tompkins' Atonement	By S. T. Dadd.

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MARRIAGE.

On the 7th ult., at St. Michael's Church, Christchurch, New Zealand, by the Rev. Canon Cotterill, assisted by the Rev. Walter Harper, Philip Charles, second son of the Hon. Colonel F. M. Haultain, of Auckland, to Edith Mary, eldest daughter of Strickland Stonestreet Field, of Christchurch.

DEATHS.

On the 19th inst., at 116, Marine Parade, Brighton, John Bramley Moor, Esq., D.L., J.P., Dignitary of the Imperial Order of the Rose Brazil, of Longley Lodge, Gerrard Cross, Bucks, and of Liverpool, in his 87th year.

On the 18th inst., at 95, Huskisson-street, Liverpool, Richard Davies, jun., formerly of San Luis Potosi, Mexico.

JEPHTHAH'S VOW, by EDWIN LONG, R.A.—Three New Pictures—1. "Jephthah's Return." 2. "On the Mountains." 3. "The Martyr."—NOW ON VIEW, with his celebrated "Anno Domini," "Zeuxis at Crotona," &c., at THE GALLERIES, 168, New Bond-street, Ten to Six. Admission, One Shilling.

THE VALE OF TEARS—DORÉ'S Last Great PICTURE, completed a few days before he died, NOW ON VIEW at the DORE GALLERY, 35, New Bond-street, with his other great Pictures. Ten to Six daily. One Shilling.

FAUST—LYCEUM.—Lessee and Manager, Mr. HENRY IRVING. FAUST at Eight punctually. Mephistopheles, Mr. Henry Irving; Margaret, Miss Ellen Terry. Box-office (Mr. J. Hurs) open Ten till Five. Seats booked by letter or telegram.—LYCEUM.

STRAND—Mr. EDWARD COMPTON.—A Grand Success. EVERY EVENING, at Eight, THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL, by the COMPTON COMEDY COMPANY. Morning Performance EVERY SATURDAY at 2.30. Box-office Ten till Five. Business Manager, Mr. Chas. Terry.

SMITHFIELD CLUB CATTLE SHOW, ROYAL AGRICULTURAL HALL, LONDON. The Eighty-ninth Annual Show of Cattle, Sheep, Pigs, Implements, Roots, &c., MONDAY, DEC. 6, at 2 p.m., close at 8 p.m. Admission, Five Shillings. CATTLE SHOW, TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY, THURSDAY, and FRIDAY, DEC. 7, 8, 9, and 10. Open at 9 a.m., close at 9 p.m. Admission, One Shilling. R. VEXNER, Secretary. Royal Agricultural Hall Company, Limited.

ST. GOTHARD RAILWAY, SWITZERLAND.—The most direct, rapid, picturesque, and delightful route to Italy. Express from Lucerne to Milan in eight hours. Excursions to the Rigi, by Mountain Railway, from Arth Station, of the Gothard line. Through-going Sleeping-Cars from Ostend to Milan. Balcony Carriages; Safety Brakes. Tickets at all corresponding Railway Stations, and at Cook's and Gaze's Offices.

MONTE CARLO.—THE ADMINISTRATION OF MONTE CARLO, in its endeavour to diversify the brilliant and exceptional Entertainments offered to the Cosmopolitan High Life frequenting the shores of the Mediterranean, has much pleasure in announcing the close of the Winter Season 1885-6, and that during the Summer interval arrangements will be made for the renewal of the Theatrical and Opera Comique Entertainments in the ensuing Winter 1886-7, which will be sustained by artists of renowned celebrity. The daily Afternoon and Evening Concerts will continue as usual during the Summer Season.

SEA BATHING AT MONACO.

on a beautiful sandy beach, continues throughout the year. MONTE CARLO is provided with the following excellent Hotels:—The Hôtel de Paris, the Grand Hôtel, the Victoria Hotel, Hôtel des Anglais, Hôtel Beau Rivage, Hôtel des Princes, de Londres, et de Russie; and Furnished Villas, together with good Apartments, are numerous.

THE BRIGHTON SEASON.—Frequent Trains from Victoria and London Bridge. Also Trains in connection from Kensington, Chelsea, &c. Return Tickets, London to Brighton, available Eight Days. Weekly, Fortnightly, and Monthly Tickets, at Cheap Rates, available by all Trains between London and Brighton. Pullman Drawing-room Cars between Victoria and Brighton. Through bookings to Brighton from principal Stations on the Railways in the Northern and Midland Districts.

BRIGHTON EVERY WEEK-DAY.—A First Class Cheap Train from Victoria 10 a.m. Day Return Tickets, 12s. 6d., including Pullman Car; available to return by the 5.45 p.m. Pullman Express Train, or by any later Train.

BRIGHTON EVERY SUNDAY.—First Class Cheap Trains from Victoria 10.45 a.m. and 12.15 p.m., calling at Clapham Junction and Croydon. Day Return Tickets, 10s. A Pullman Drawing-room Car is run in the 10.45 a.m. Train from Victoria to Brighton, returning from Brighton by the 8.40 p.m. Train. Special Cheap Fare from Victoria, including Pullman Car, 12s., available by these Trains only.

BRIGHTON.—THE GRAND AQUARIUM. EVERY SATURDAY, Cheap First Class Trains from Victoria 10.40 and 11.40 a.m., calling at Clapham Junction; and from London Bridge at 9.30 a.m. and 12 noon, calling at East Croydon. Day Return Fare—First Class, Half-a-Guinea, including Admission to the Aquarium and the Royal Pavilion.

PARIS.—SHORTEST, CHEAPEST ROUTE.

VIA NEWHAVEN, DIEPPE, and ROUEN. Cheap Express Service Weekdays and Sundays, from Victoria 7.50 p.m., and London Bridge 8 p.m. Fares: Single, 31s., 25s., 18s.; Return, 57s., 41s., 32s. Powerful Paddle Steamers, with excellent cabins, &c. Trains run alongside Steamers at Newhaven and Dieppe.

SOUP OF FRANCE, ITALY, SWITZERLAND, &c.—Tourists' Tickets are issued enabling the holder to visit all the principal places of interest.

FOR FULL PARTICULARS, see Time Book and Handbills, to be obtained at Victoria, London Bridge, or any other Station, and at the following Branch Offices, where Tickets may also be obtained:—West-End General Office, 28, Regent-circus, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Hotel-buildings, Trafalgar-square; Hays' Agency, Cornhill; and Cook's and Gaze's Offices. (By order) A. SABLE, Secretary and General Manager.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

It is not likely that we shall have any more new plays of startling interest until we have turned Christmas and got fairly into the New Year. It will be a bad time for managers between now and the festive season; for already there are ominous signs of a sudden "drop," even at the most successful houses. This is easily accounted for. Bad times, bad weather, social disturbances, unsettled and stormy atmosphere everywhere, play the dickens with places of amusement, that, owing to high prices and petty taxes to the playgoer, become more and more the distraction of the rich and luxurious. How strange it is that managers do not see that the present extortionate prices at theatres must come down, sooner or later! Music-halls flourish; theatres fail: and why? Because music-halls are cheap, and theatres are dear. Half-guinea stalls, and proportionately dear seats, should be the exception, not the rule. There are plenty of half guineas ready for the first rush at the Lyceum, St. James's, or Haymarket; but it is absurd to charge the same price at theatres that cannot offer anything like the same kind of attractive programme. The first second-class theatre that goes back to the old six-shilling stall, and abolishes vexatious taxes all over the theatre, will reap the benefit of a most desirable reform.

Mr. Mayer is giving a strange medley programme at Her Majesty's Theatre, but one that has attracted the public, nevertheless. He ranges from Gounod to Offenbach, from Donizetti to Bizet. His great hit so far has been the revival of Offenbach's "La Grande Duchesse," that created such a furore in Paris during the Exhibition year of 1867, when Hortense Schneider was the rage, and poor France was gradually edging towards that precipice over which she ultimately fell. But I never heard before that the downfall of France was due to the encouragement of Schneider and Jacques Offenbach. A critical pessimist told us the other day, in very serious tones, that we were going the same way as France and nearing the same ugly precipice, because some of us dared to laugh once more over the witty book of Meilhac and Halévy, and to be amused at the fantastic escapades of her Highness of Gerolstein and Private Fritz, of that eccentric lady's own particular army. We shall be told next that the Franco-Prussian War was provoked by this good-natured chaff at the military affectation of the old German Principalities. Is not this going a little bit too far? May we not enjoy our Offenbach and be made merry with his spirited tunes without the awful warnings from the Solomon Eagles of journalism? Fancy telling the sober English that if they are fascinated by "Dites Lui," or if they admire "Voici le Sabre," they will certainly encourage a revolution! Against this argument there is just the one thing to be said, and that is that we have had a Grand Duchess of our own years ago, and as yet no Commune. Playgoers have not forgotten the days of Julia Matthews and Aynsley Cooke, *cum multis aliis*, though they will be surprised to hear that it is nearly twenty years ago since the palmy days of Schneider and Dupuis. One thought must have struck many who attended the Offenbach revival in the Haymarket, and honestly enjoyed the music. Why has "The Grand Duchess" never been revived for Florence St. John, the one actress and singer who possesses the extraordinary tact and talent for which Schneider was distinguished, the one artist who can combine pathetic and comic effect? Miss St. John could certainly sing "Dites Lui" as it ought to be sung, and act the Grand Duchess as the character ought to be acted. But where can you find a Fritz for such a Duchess? Well, surely Arthur Roberts would be infinitely funnier than the original Dupuis, and he can certainly sing as well. We revive old plays, why not old operas? Are there not many who would care to hear once more "Orphée aux Enfers," "La Belle Hélène," and the earlier works of Lecocq, such as the "Prés St. Gervais" and "Le Petit Duc"—most melodious of operas.

It is said that "Theodora," with all its scenery, dresses, and elaborate paraphernalia, has been purchased for production at the Olympic: but as yet no official announcement has been made. If it was ever to be done, I should have thought that the Haymarket, with Mrs. Bernard-Beere for Theodora and Mr. Willard for the Emperor, would have been the appointed place; but "Theodora" is a costly toy, according to the calculations that authors like Sardou put upon their work. It is possible, however, that Miss Grace Hawthorne will be able to make a better bargain than others have been able to do, considering that the excitement of "Theodora" is over, and it has been some time on the shelf. But it is little use to touch "Theodora" or "Patrie" unless the right people are secured for the Empress and for Dolores. That done, both plays ought to be thoroughly successful in this country, when we have plenty of audiences for everything that is well done, but "a beggarly array of empty benches" for indifferent work.

Enthusiastic reports are received from the provinces concerning the success of a charming young American, Miss Adelaide Detton, who is giving an entertainment mainly composed of recitations by herself, and songs by the talented young musician, Mr. Ernest Birch. Miss Detton is well known in the fashionable drawing-rooms of Paris and London, and her talent is said to be remarkable. She will be welcome when she makes a public appearance in the metropolis.—C. S.

"The School for Scandal," at the Strand Theatre, continues to prove attractive—and no wonder, the acting being so good. The graceful minuet and the song ("Here's to the maiden of bashful fifteen") are encored every night.

The Beaumont Trustees have decided that they will not apply for a license to sell intoxicating liquors in the People's Palace; but that on the completion of the palace they will open the library, reading-rooms, swimming-baths, and grounds of the institution during certain hours on Sundays.

The *World* Christmas number opens with a bright and chatty account of Brighton in the season, diversified with a series of smart character-sketches by Mr. Alfred Bryan, who has also drawn the animated cartoon of the King's-road, enlivened with a number of notabilities, riding or on foot. Mr. Edmund Yates closes his seasonable budget with a number of readable new stories.

On Monday the Croydon Town Council, after a long debate, decided, by twenty-nine votes to eleven, to promote a bill in Parliament for the acquisition of the Croydon gas supply, the project now only requiring the approval of the burgesses. The undertaking is to be paid for by a series of annuities, making a charge of a little more than £20,000 a year. The total price to be paid is £500,000.

Her Majesty has paid a graceful compliment to a distinguished member of the artistic staff of *The Illustrated London News*. The *World* says: "Mr. Caton Woodville has practically completed his historical painting of the Whipping-ham wedding, and took it down to Windsor last week for the Queen's inspection. Her Majesty was much pleased with Mr. Woodville's skilful and picturesque treatment of the subject, and paid him a high compliment on his work. As soon as Mr. Woodville has put the last touches on his picture, he starts for Morocco, where he will remain for many months."

MUSIC.

A season of sixteen performances, under the title of the London Symphony Concerts, was opened at St. James's Hall last week. The scheme has been organised by Mr. Henschel, the eminent baritone, who is the conductor. A complete and efficient orchestra, comprising many of our most skilled instrumentalists, is headed by Mr. Carrodus as leading violinist. The opening programme contained no absolute novelty. Beethoven's triple concerto, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, was, perhaps, new to many of the audience, as it has been very seldom performed in this country, and not for many years in London. It was written for the composer's pupil, the Archduke Rudolph, in association with the then (1804-5) eminent violinist and violoncellist, Herr Seidler, and Herr Kraft. It does not rank among Beethoven's best productions, but has yet many passages worthy of the great master. It was very well executed at last week's concert by Madame Haas, Mr. R. Gompertz, and Signor Piatti. Mozart's overture to "Die Zauberflöte," Brahms's Second Symphony (in D major), the solemn Good Friday music from Wagner's "Parsifal," and the prelude to the third act ("The Feast") of Dr. Mackenzie's opera, "The Troubadour," completed the instrumental selection. There was but one vocal piece during the evening, Pylades' air, "Unis dës la plus tendre enfance" (from Gluck's opera, "Iphigénie en Tauride"), which was sung in English by Mr. Charles Kaiser, whose tenor voice is apparently capable of better effect than that realised on this his first appearance in England, when he seemed to be under the influence of nervousness. He, however, met with a very favourable reception. Mr. Henschel conducted the performances with efficiency. The orchestral playing was generally good; the brass instruments, however, having frequently been (as at most of our concerts) unduly prominent. The second concert was announced for last Thursday evening—too late for notice this week.

M. Mayer's French opera company at Her Majesty's Theatre have given repetition performances of "Faust," "Carmen," and "Les Cloches de Corneville" since our last notice. On Monday evening "La Grande Duchesse de Gerolstein" was produced. This essay of M. Mayer we consider was a mistake, similar to that of his production of "Les Cloches de Corneville," both pieces belonging to the class of opera-bouffe, and each having already been heard here in English versions, and in the more appropriate locales of minor theatres. The last-named work had also been produced here with its original French text, and performed by the company first associated with it in Paris. On Monday evening the title-character of "The Grand Duchess" (first sustained, with immense success, by Mlle. Schneider) was filled by Mlle. Mary Albert, who sang and acted with vivacity and refinement. In the most absurd and demonstrative situations this lady never approached coarseness or vulgarity, and threw a general charm over a character of the most impossible absurdity. Another successful impersonation, in the style of broad farce, was that of the swaggering General Bouffin by M. Dauphin, who acted and sang forcibly, and thoroughly realised the grotesque aspect of the part. Mlle. S. Girard was an interesting Wanda, the betrothed of the stupid soldier Fritz, this part having been humorously rendered by M. Valdy. MM. Simon Max, Belliard, and Leonard were efficient, respectively, as Prince Paul, Baron Puck, and Baron Grog. Offenbach's music, if not highly artistic, is lively, and the effective representation of "La Grande Duchesse" at Her Majesty's Theatre should attract the many who are content with this latter merit, and can relish extravagant humour. For Thursday, a French version of "Rigoletto" was promised.

Berlioz's sacred trilogy, "The Childhood of Christ" ("L'Enfance du Christ"), was performed at the Crystal Palace last Saturday, at the sixth of the series of weekly concerts. The work has before been heard, more than once, in this country. It was first given here at Mr. Charles Hallé's Manchester and London concerts, and more recently by the London Sacred Harmonic Society. On Saturday two of the vocalists, Mr. Santley and Mr. R. Hilton, had already been associated with English performances of the work, the former in the music assigned to Joseph, the latter in that of King Herod and the Father of the Ishmaelite Family. Miss Mary Davies sang with artistic feeling the soprano part of Mary, the duet with Joseph, "In this tumultuous city," having been one of the specialties of the performance. Mr. H. Piercy succeeded well in the passages belonging to the Narrator, and those for Polydorus were allotted to Mr. S. Smith. The Crystal Palace choir, and Mr. Stedman's boy choristers, were efficient in the choral music, and the important orchestral details were well rendered by the Crystal Palace band. Mr. Manns conducted.

The Popular Concert at St. James's Hall last Saturday, afternoon included an excellent performance by Miss Fanny Davies and Signor Piatti, of Dr. C. V. Stanford's sonata for pianoforte and violincello—for the first time at these concerts, it having, however, been previously heard in London and elsewhere. It is a musicianly work, laid out in classical form, the second and last of its three movements possessing the most sustained interest. Mr. Lloyd was the vocalist. Other features of the programme call for no specification. The concert of Monday evening included a fine performance of Schubert's ottet, some refined pianoforte playing by Miss Fanny Davies, and vocal pieces effectively rendered by Miss Liza Lehmann.

The first performance of Sir Arthur Sullivan's cantata, after its production at the Leeds Festival last month, took place, as already recorded, at the Royal Albert Hall last week. On Tuesday in this week it was repeated at St. James's Hall, at the second of the present series of Novello's Oratorio Concerts, the principal solo vocalists having again been Madame Albani, Madame Patey, Mr. E. Lloyd, and Mr. F. King, as at Leeds and at the Albert Hall—the composer having again acted as conductor. The work again produced a powerful impression. Madame Albani sang artistically, although suffering from a severe cold, for which an apology was made. The cantata was preceded by Gounod's third "Messe Solennelle" ("De Pâques"), a pleasing work, but scarcely rising to a sublime height. Its performance was directed by Dr. Mackenzie, the established conductor of the concerts. The chorus-singing was generally excellent throughout the evening.

The first of two pianoforte recitals by Mlle. Kleeberg took place at Prince's Hall during the week, the programme having comprised pieces of the classical and the brilliant schools.

The London Ballad Concerts directed by Mr. John Boosey opened a new series at St. James's Hall this week with an attractive programme, to which we must refer hereafter.

For yesterday (Friday) evening a performance of a new oratorio, entitled "Gethsemane," was announced to take place at St. James's Hall. The work is the composition of Mr. Sydney Shaw, whose name is not familiar to us. Of the merits of the oratorio we must speak next week.

Viscountess Folkestone's concerts last week at Prince's Hall (organised in aid of various charities) included some clever performances by a string band of lady executants, and other features which do not call for critical comment.

OBITUARY.

MR. GEORGE THOMAS DOO, R.A.

Mr. George Thomas Doo, R.A. (retired), F.R.S., the well-known engraver, died on the 13th inst., in his eighty-seventh year. Mr. Doo produced in 1824 his first published engraving, a portrait of the Duke of York, after Sir Thomas Lawrence. In 1825 he visited the Parisian schools of engraving. On his return to London he opened an academy in the Savoy, for the study of the antique and also of the life. He lectured on painting at Kensington Museum, Harrow, and elsewhere. He was appointed Historical Engraver in Ordinary to William IV. in 1836, and to Queen Victoria in 1842. He was a member of many foreign academies, and in 1855 was elected an Associate of the Royal Academy, and was advanced to the full rank of R.A. in the following year. Among the important reproductions by this engraver may be mentioned Raffaele's "Infant Christ," Correggio's "Ecce Homo," and Etty's "Combat." His most popular engravings were those of Wilkie's "Knox Preaching," and Eastlake's "Pilgrims in Sight of the Holy City." In 1864 he published a large plate of Sebastian del Piombo's "Raising of Lazarus" (in the National Gallery), which had occupied him eight years. He engraved a series of plates for the work on the pictures in the National Gallery, and six plates for the Elgin marbles series, published for the British Museum, with a number of others. At the International Exhibition of 1862, Mr. Doo acted as chairman of the committee of Class 40 (engravings and etchings); in 1861 he was elected president of the Artists' Annuity Fund; and in 1863 he gave evidence before the Royal Academy Commission at Westminster. At the Paris International Exhibition of 1867 his fine engraving of Ary Scheffer's "St. Augustine and Monica" was exhibited. Mr. Doo retired from the active Royal Academicians some years ago.

LADY ESTCOURT.

Caroline, Lady Bucknall Estcourt, died on the 17th inst., in her seventy-seventh year. She was the eldest daughter of the Right Hon. Reginald Pole-Carew, of Antony, Cornwall, Under-Secretary of State for the Home Department, by Caroline Anne, his second wife, daughter of the first Lord Lyttelton; and was married, in 1837, to Major-General James Bucknall Estcourt, who, while serving in the Crimea as Adjutant-General, died of cholera in 1855. In the following year his widow was, by special grant, given the rank of the widow of a Knight Commander of the Bath.

SIR FRANCIS FESTING.

Major-General Sir Francis Worgan Festing, K.C.M.G., C.B., Knight of the Legion of Honour, died, at Donnington Lodge, Newbury, on the 21st inst. He was born in 1833, the second son of Captain B. M. Festing, R.N., K.H., and educated at the Royal Naval College, New-cross. He entered the Marines as a Cadet in 1849, and in 1851 obtained a Lieutenancy in the Royal Marine Artillery. His services included the Baltic, the Crimea, China, and Ashantee. He went through the Ashantee war of 1873-4 with the greatest credit. When Cape Coast Castle was threatened by Amanquatia, Festing, then a Lieutenant-Colonel, went, in command of the detachment of Marines, to the Gold Coast, and defeated the native force in the two engagements fought on June 13, 1873. For these eminent services he received the thanks of both Houses of Parliament, and her Majesty conferred on him the Companionship of the Bath and the Commandership of St. Michael and St. George. He was subsequently Gunnery Inspector Royal Marine Artillery, Assistant Adjutant-General to the Royal Marine Forces, and Marine A.D.C. to the Queen. He married, first, in 1862, Margaret Elizabeth (died 1864), daughter of Mr. Alexander Hall Hall; secondly, 1869, Charlotte Letitia (died 1871), daughter of Mr. R. J. Todd; and, thirdly, 1876, Selina Eleanor Mary, only daughter of Mr. Leicester William Carbonell.

We have also to record the deaths of—

Canon Wood, the oldest Canon of Worcester Cathedral, at Worcester, on the 9th inst., aged eighty-four.

General Henry Goodwyn, Royal (late Bengal) Engineers, on the 8th inst., at Selborne, Bournemouth, aged seventy-nine.

The Rev. Edward Leigh Bennett, Vicar of Long Sutton, Lincolnshire, suddenly, on the 10th inst., aged eighty-seven.

The Rev. George Edward Deacon, Vicar of Leek, Staffordshire, on the 22nd inst., aged seventy-five.

Mr. Keith Macalister, of Glenbarr and Cour, Argyllshire, J.P. and D.L., a descendant of the Scottish Clan Macalister.

Francis William Clark, LL.D., Sheriff of Lanarkshire, Barrister-at-Law, on the 19th inst., aged fifty-nine.

Sir John Humphreys, the senior Coroner for East Middlesex, on the 20th inst., at his house, 20, Devonshire-street.

Captain John Pownall Bastard, of an old Devonshire family (whose chief was gazetted, but refused a Baronetcy in 1779), on the 14th inst., at 59, Cadogan-place, aged sixty-eight.

Mr. Francis Fry, of Bristol and London, at Clifton, on the 12th inst., aged eighty-three. He was possessed of the largest and rarest collection of bibles in the world.

Mr. Thomas Prendergast, late of the Madras Civil Service, the author of the manuals entitled "The Mastery of Languages," on the 14th inst., aged seventy-eight.

The Hon. Henry Cecil Plantagenet Hastings, youngest son of the present Lord Donington, by his wife, the late Countess of Loudoun, on the 22nd inst., aged twenty-six, at Arundel Castle, the residence of his brother-in-law, the Duke of Norfolk.

Captain the Hon. Eustace Vesey, 9th Lancers, M.A., Christ Church, Oxford, brother and heir presumptive of the present Viscount de Vesci, on the 18th inst., at Abbeyleix, in his thirty-sixth year. He married, June 19, 1877, Constance Mary, daughter of Lord Wenlock, and leaves issue.

Charlotte Mary, Lady Wilson, widow of Sir Erasmus Wilson, F.R.S., LL.D., and daughter of Mr. James Doherty, of Clapton, on the 3rd inst., at Westgate-on-Sea, in her eightieth year. The large fortune of the late Sir Erasmus now devolves on the Royal College of Surgeons.

Ellen, Dowager Viscountess Middleton, on the 13th inst., at 32, Cavendish-square, the residence of her second husband, Richard Quain, F.R.S., ex-President of the College of Surgeons. Her Ladyship was married first, May 14, 1833, to George Alan, fifth Viscount Middleton, who died Nov. 1, 1848.

Mr. John Bramley-Moore, of Gerard's-cross, Bucks, and of Liverpool, at Brighton, on the 19th inst., in his eighty-seventh year. He was a Deputy-Lieutenant and Justice of the Peace for Lancashire, and Dignitary of the Imperial Order of the Rose of Brazil.

Mr. R. O. Jones, of Fommon Castle, for twenty-seven years Stipendiary Magistrate for Cardiff, and latterly Chairman of the Glamorganshire Quarter Sessions. He was seventy-four years of age, and had been twice married, his second wife being the sister of Lord Aberdeen.

Bishop M'Dougall, at his residence, The Close, Winchester, on the 16th inst. He was Canon of Winchester Cathedral, Archbishop of the Isle of Wight, formerly Bishop of Labuan, and Vicar of Milford, Hants. He had held the latter appointment since 1851. The late Bishop was born in 1817.

A SINGULAR TRIAL FOR LIBEL.

The trial of the case, "Adams v. Coleridge and Another," before Mr. Justice Denman and a special jury in the Queen's Bench Court, began on Wednesday week, and had not been finished on Wednesday last. It would be improper, before its conclusion, to make any comment on the evidence, or to anticipate the verdict by reflections which might either be favourable or prejudicial to one side or the other; but there is a general feeling of regret that the private relations of a family whose head is one of the most distinguished persons in the kingdom—the Lord Chief Justice of England, a Peer of the Realm—should again have become matter of public discussion. The circumstances of domestic life, from which this case has unhappily arisen, were more than sufficiently revealed two years ago, in the trial of a former action; they form a tedious and insipid history, which we need not repeat in detail.

The only daughter of Lord Coleridge, a lady now about thirty-eight years of age, became engaged, in June, 1883, to Mr. Charles Warren Adams, a widower, many years her senior. Lord Coleridge, who had lost his wife, and the lady's brothers, disapproved of this engagement; and, in December of that year, 1883, a letter was written to her by the Hon. Bernard Coleridge, with statements detrimental to the character of Mr. Adams. Lord Coleridge had, a twelvemonth earlier, written to Mrs. Bishop, sister of Sir Stafford Northcote (Lord Idlesleigh), a letter concerning Mr. Adams, which was equally prejudicial to his reputation. Mr. Adams, to whom Miss Coleridge handed her brother's letter, brought an action for libel against Mr. Bernard Coleridge, which was tried in November, 1884, before Mr. Justice Manisty, when the jury found a verdict for plaintiff with £3000 damages; but the Judge set it aside on the point of law, that a letter from a brother, dissuading his sister from a marriage, was a privileged communication. Mrs. Bishop then showed Mr. Adams the letter she had received from Lord Coleridge in December, 1882, for which Mr. Adams demanded an apology. Mr. Adams, at the same time, appealed to the higher court to set aside the judgment on the point of law, and commenced an action against Lord Coleridge. His Lordship, having made inquiry, and being now convinced that the information he had received was not to be relied upon, or was incapable of proof, fully retracted his serious imputations on the character of Mr. Adams. He was willing to consent to the marriage, and to settle a small income on his daughter, with power to bestow a moderate sum on her husband, if Mr. Adams would exert himself to earn some income on his part. Sir Farrer Herschell, now Lord Herschell, was employed as mediator, in 1885, but without effect. It was then agreed that Sir Robert Collier (the late Lord Monkswell) should be arbitrator to determine what compensation was due to Mr. Adams for the injury to his character by the letters of which he complained. In the meantime, Miss Coleridge had received from her father an allowance of £300 a year, and married Mr. Adams on June 25, 1885, after which her allowance was to be settled at £600 a year for life. The conflicting parties in the arbitration sent to Lord Monkswell whatever letters and papers they had bearing on the question that he was to decide. This was done, for Lord Coleridge, by his solicitor, Mr. Harrison, of Bedford-row; but, through some accidental inadvertence of the solicitor's clerk, in the bundles of papers sent there were some other letters, which Lord Monkswell saw to be irrelevant, and which Lord Coleridge and Mr. Bernard Coleridge had not intended to be sent in. These were letters that had been entrusted to their solicitor for possible use, or for information as between client and counsel, in the former trial at Nisi Prius. Copies of them were not sent to Mr. Adams, with those of the other documents regularly submitted to the arbitrator, but Mr. Adams obtained sight of them, and, finding them libellous, has made them ground of a fresh action against Lord Coleridge and Mr. Bernard Coleridge. Lord Monkswell, who has since died, awarded in January last £500 to Mr. Adams, as reduced damages for the libel written by Mr. Bernard Coleridge in December, 1883, and forty shillings to be paid by Lord Coleridge for the alleged libels upon which the action was brought in 1884 or 1885. He did not, of course, take at all into consideration the other letters accidentally sent to himself as arbitrator. The question for trial this week has been whether these letters were sent to Lord Monkswell wilfully, fraudulently, and maliciously, with intent to libel and defame Mr. Adams.

The plaintiff, Mr. Adams, conducted his own case in court; Sir Henry James, Sir Charles Russell, Mr. Charles, Q.C., and Mr. Charles Mathews were counsel for Lord Coleridge, and Mr. Lockwood, Q.C., and Mr. Wallace, for the Hon. Bernard Coleridge.

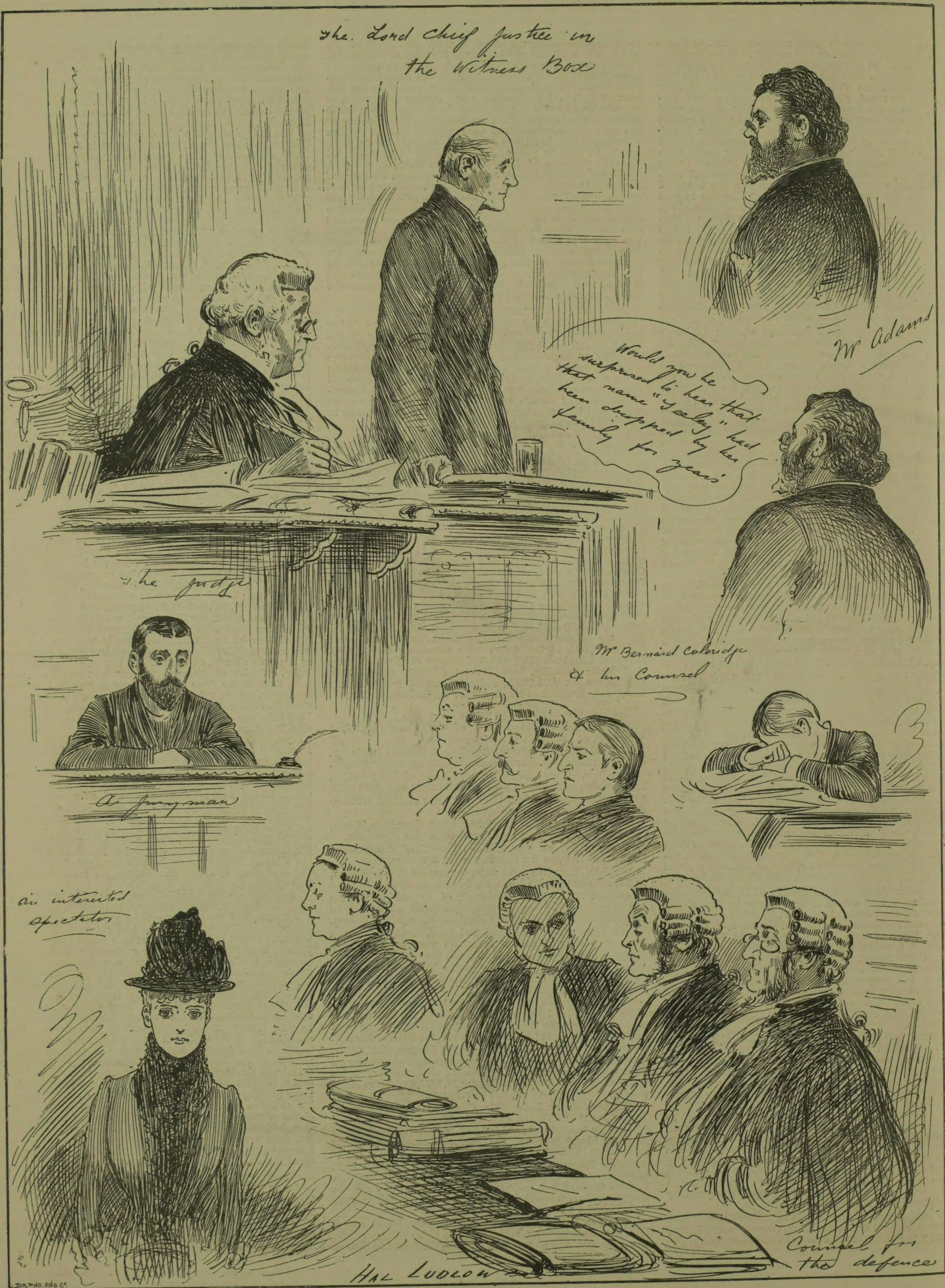
Among the witnesses called were, on the first day, the Earl of Idlesleigh, the Earl of Selborne, and the Bishop of Oxford, old friends and family connections, also Lord Herschell; on Thursday, Mr. Butterfield, an old friend of the Coleridge family, and Mr. Stephen Coleridge, his father's private secretary; on Friday, Miss Bishop gave some evidence, and Mrs. Adams (formerly the Hon. Miss Coleridge) was sworn, but was not much questioned; Mr. Adams, the plaintiff, was in the witness-box on Friday and Saturday, and was cross-examined by Sir Charles Russell. On Monday, the principal defendant, the Right Hon. Lord Coleridge, Lord Chief Justice, came forward as a witness on his own behalf, and his examination, by Sir Charles Russell, followed by Mr. Adams's cross-examination of the noble and learned Lord, was continued on Tuesday. His solicitor, Mr. Harrison, also gave evidence on the side of the defendant. On Wednesday, the chief witness called was Mr. Bernard Coleridge, who stated that the letters sent to Lord Monkswell were never in his own possession, and he knew nothing of their being sent, which Lord Coleridge, in his evidence, had also disclaimed. Three of Mr. Harrison's clerks proved that it was their mistake. Sir Henry James then addressed the jury on behalf of Lord Coleridge, and Mr. Adams again spoke in reply; after which Mr. Justice Denman proceeded, during several hours, with the summing-up of the whole of this singular case.

Mr. J. Tickle was on Tuesday elected a member of the Court of Common Council for the ward of Cheap, in the room of Mr. M. Hart, resigned.

While the Countess Tasker, of Middleton Hall, Brentwood, was at dinner on Monday, her bed-room was entered by the aid of a ladder, and jewellery, bank-notes, and gold, to the value of about £1000, were stolen.

On Monday the Lord Mayor presided at the presentation of prizes and certificates to students of the City of London College. The Bishop of London, who distributed the prizes, spoke of the importance of the educational work of the school. Sir E. Clarke, M.P., and other gentlemen addressed the gathering.

His Excellency the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland on Monday received a series of congratulatory deputations at the Viceregal Lodge, Dublin; the bodies which presented addresses being the Royal Irish Academy, the Royal Institute of Architects, and the Royal Irish Academy of Music. Lord Londonderry made replies in each case, acknowledging the compliment.



SKETCHES IN THE LAW COURTS: AN ACTION FOR LIBEL.



"CHRISTIAN ANTIQUITY."

FROM "FEMALE COSTUME PICTURES," BY ROBERT BEYSCHLAG.

PARISIAN SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

PARIS, Tuesday, Nov. 23.

Emilio Castelar has been staying in Paris during the last month, fraternising with the French Republicans, dining with various societies, making speeches, and propagating his pet idea of the union of the Latin races. On Sunday, Castelar dined with the Société des Méridionaux, ate garlic, listened to Provençal songs and poetry, and made a very long and most eloquent speech. In the North, there are to be three empires; in the South, three nations. In Castelar's ideal Europe, the possessions of Latins, Germans, and Slavs will be in perfect equilibrium; while England will be left alone in her island, decadent, isolated, and disarmed. Then, the French flag will fly on the walls of Metz; the Spanish flag on the rock of Gibraltar; the Italian flag on the antique palace of the Knights of Malta. This is a most delightful prospect, particularly for the English. Happily, as Castelar's admirers confess, these are but a poet's dreams. Castelar, like Gambetta, and, like all the southerners, is essentially an artist—his policy is that of an artist; his presentation of ideas is that of an artist. The Latin races are indolent and slack enough in material organisation; but they have an optimistic gift of believing in the final triumph of ideas, and in the victory of logic and justice. The Latins detest violence, and their love of talking, their enthusiasm for fine orators, the applause which they lavish upon a statesman just as if he were a tenor, all has its explanation in their idea that force is nothing and persuasion everything. Examine well the eloquence of Castelar, the success of Gambetta, the triumph of a tambourinaire of Arles, and you will find in each case the qualities of the Latins as they were modified by Hellenic influence and Roman conquest—fascinating of souls, winners of intelligences, organisers of interests, propagators of ideas. All the same, the British flag will fly at Gibraltar for some years to come, in spite of Castelar and of the federation of the Latin races.

The Chamber of Deputies continues to struggle with the task of balancing the Budget, but without much success. The Conservatives have encountered an immense defeat in the department of the Nord, where they were formerly so powerful. The vote shows that in this department the Conservatives have lost 40,000 votes since Oct. 4, 1885, and that their candidate polled 25,000 votes less than his Republican rival. In presence of facts like these, there seems less and less chance for Monarchy in France.

M. Bihourd has been elected to succeed the late Paul Bert as Governor-General of Tonquin; and M. Massicault, Prefect of the Rhône, will be sent to govern Tunis in his place.

At the annual public meeting of the Academy of Inscriptions and Belles Lettres last Friday, M. Maspero gave some interesting details about the Royal mummies recently discovered in Egypt. In 1871, it appears, an Arab of Gournach found a tomb full of mummy cases piled up without order. Further researches brought to light other tombs, and by July 1881, all these treasures were safe in the museum of Boulak. To M. Maspero's great surprise, the mummies proved to be those of whole dynasties, and of the most illustrious dynasties—the XVIII., XIX., and XX. The mummies included even Rameses II., the Sesostris of the Greeks, the only one of the Pharaohs whose name posterity has retained. These mummies, it appears, had been removed from their sumptuous tombs in Bab el Molouk to save them from thieves, and placed in the tomb of the priests of Amon, where they remained for nearly thirty centuries, until they were taken to the museum of Boulak. There several of them began to putrefy, and were undone without order and without sufficient precautions. Finally, M. Maspero unrolled the aromatic bands of Rameses II. in presence of his distant successor, the Khedive; and in a month all these Pharaohs were unwrapped, measured, and carefully examined. M. Maspero gave some details as to the exterior appearance of these Sovereigns. The faces look smiling, and almost joyous; the men and women alike are tall and strongly built, the extremities delicate, the arms long, the muscles of the shoulder and neck extremely developed. The head is rather small in proportion to the body, narrow at the top, and heavy at the base. The noses are long, thin, and straight; the eyes small, and planted closely together; the mouth broad, the hair thick, curled on the men's heads, and wavy on the women's, when it is not worn in small, tight plaits like those of the Nubian women of the present day. The embalming processes must have been perfect, for most of these Sovereigns are so well preserved that one might believe that they had been dead only a few days. As M. Maspero said on Friday, Egypt is veritably a wonderland, for not only, like Assyria, Greece, and Italy, does it restore us the monuments of the past, but also the very men who built the monuments. Thus the great Pharaohs are no longer mere names; we know the shape of their noses, the degree of their baldness, the nature of their infirmities, the size of their brains. We see, then, that the great have never been exempt from the ills of the flesh, and that Thoutmos III., who has been lying in his grave three thousand years, died at the age of thirty of a common skin disease.

M. Gréard, the eminent pedagogue, has been elected member of the French Academy, to succeed M. De Falloux. M. Gréard's name is unknown to the public; it is not even to be found in

the dictionary of Vapereau; but he has rendered great services as a functionary in the department of public instruction.

At the theatres this week we have had chiefly revivals of old successes—"La Belle Hélène" at the Variétés, "Panache" at the Gymnase, "Le Tour du Monde" at the Châtelet. At the Odéon M. Céard's dramatisation of "Renée Maupérin" has caused much violent discussion in the Press, more on account of the literary camp from which the piece hails than on account of the piece itself, which offers no especial novelty. The great battle-piece of the realistic will be Edmond De Goncourt's "Germinie Lacerteux," which will be played at the Odéon next year.

King Humbert and the members of the Royal family arrived at Rome on Sunday, on their return from Monza. About 40,000 persons were assembled outside the railway station, and welcomed the Royal party with great enthusiasm.

The Emperor William on Thursday week received visits from the Crown Prince and Prince Louis of Bavaria. His Majesty also received several verbal communications on State affairs, including reports from Herr Von Puttkammer, Minister of the Interior, and Count Von Bismarck, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs.—The Crown Princess arrived at Berlin with her two youngest daughters on Friday morning last week. They were met at the station by the Crown Prince, and in the forenoon they visited the Emperor. There was a general display of flags at Berlin on Sunday in honour of the birthday of the Crown Princess, who completed her forty-sixth year. The Emperor being prevented by the unfavourable weather from leaving the palace, received a call from the Princess in the afternoon. A special service was held in the morning in the private chapel attached to the Crown Prince's palace. The event was also celebrated by meetings of the various benevolent societies patronised by her Imperial Highness. In the afternoon a dinner was given by the Crown Prince, at which the members of the Royal family were present. Many buildings were decorated with flags.

General Kaulbars departed from Sofia, on his way to Russia, via Constantinople, last Saturday morning. The Russian subjects in Bulgaria were left under the protection of the German Consul-General; those who dwell in Eastern Roumelia will be looked after by the French Consul, as Germany is not represented at Philippopolis.

Prince Alexander of Bulgaria accompanied the Grand Duke of Hesse and his family last Saturday to a charity fair at Mayence, where he was received, as at Frankfurt and Darmstadt, with the greatest enthusiasm.

A dissolution of the Greek Chamber has been decided upon, and the elections for the new Parliament have been fixed for Jan. 16.

The death of the ex-President of the United States—Mr. C. A. Arthur—from a stroke of apoplexy, combined with paralysis, took place last week. Mr. Arthur was elected Vice-President, and succeeded to the Presidency on the death of General Garfield, for the remainder of his term of four years. His remains were on Monday laid in their last resting-place, after an Episcopalian service in the Church of Heavenly Rest, New York. The funeral, which was extremely simple, was attended by the President and a large number of senators, representatives, and prominent citizens.—The death is also announced, at the age of seventy-nine, of Mr. Charles Francis Adams, whose father and grandfather were Presidents of the United States, and who himself held the post of Ambassador to the Court of St. James's from 1861 to 1868, the trying years of the Secession War. That was his chief public service; but he was also one of the arbitrators on the famous Alabama Commission.

The General Assembly of Uruguay has elected General Maximo Tajes as President.

The Viceroy of India left Bombay on the 19th inst. for a brief stay in Poonah. The Maharajah of Jeypore has promised a lakh of rupees to the Lady Dufferin Fund as a jubilee offering. Lord Dufferin arrived at Aurangabad (Hyderabad) on the 21st inst. The city was illuminated, and a display of fireworks had been arranged in honour of his Excellency's visit. The Viceroy, who visited the tomb of Aurangzeb's daughter, the Caves of Ellora, and other places of note in the vicinity, left next day for Hyderabad.

Intelligence has been received at Bombay that Brigadier-General Hogg, British Resident in Aden, annexed the island of Socotra on the 30th ult.

Mr. Julian Salmons, who was recently nominated Chief Justice of New South Wales, in succession to the late Sir James Martin, has resigned the appointment.—The Australians won by six wickets the cricket-match concluded at Sydney on Saturday, between Shaw's English Eleven and an Eleven of New South Wales.—The Conference of Postmasters-General of the Australian Colonies, which was recently proposed by the Hon. F. B. Sutton, Postmaster-General of New South Wales, with the object of facilitating a final agreement with regard to the ocean mail service, has assembled at Melbourne.

Prince Komatsu, uncle of the Mikado, accompanied by Princess Komatsu, and his suite, arrived at Liverpool last Saturday from New York by the steam-ship Germanic.

"FEMALE COSTUME PICTURES."

A beautiful work of artistic illustration, published by Messrs. Sampson Low, Marston, Searle, and Rivington, consists of twelve autotype plates from drawings in pastel by a German artist, Mr. Robert Beyschlag, representing ideal figures of female grace and loveliness, attired in the costumes of different centuries, and of several different nations.

The first is "Grecian Antiquity," a classical heroine simply dressed in the sleeveless chiton, which is drawn up through the girdle in front, and with her dark hair secured by a fillet and wrought into a full knob at the back of the head; her left arm rests on a vase, while the right hand, lowered, is holding a flower. The second is "Christian Antiquity," which we copy, by permission, in our Engraving, and which our readers will examine for themselves. "The Gothic Period, 1475," is the latest style of the Middle Ages, or rather, the transition to the Renaissance; the figure is of a pleasing character, with a kerchief loosely enfolding the head and chin, a velvet embroidered vest, tight sleeves, and girdle with massive pendant boss of metal. The "Dutch Period, 1625," has developed a formidable breast-plate or "stomacher," apparently of stout gold-cloth worked in high relief with conventional ornament, while broad square flaps of muslin overlay the shoulders. Two contemporary figures, of the year 1600, show great differences of national taste in the dress of ladies of fashion; the Venetian, who is playing the guitar, has an open bosom, very large but short sleeves terminating in fine lace, and a ribbon at the top of her head; the other young lady, a fair and innocent German Fräulein, wears a close-fitting cap of velvet lined with silk, a starched collar, and a bodice of some dark stuff with short arms, over a frock of light silk protected in front by a housewifely apron; she carries a book in her hand. The seventeenth century, to which, not perhaps with strict historical correctness, the title of "Renaissance Period" is extended, presents also, in 1650, a French young lady with curled hair, in a masculine hat adorned with a feather, and a robe with immense sleeves, the open breast partly covered by a large muslin neckerchief pinned in front. The date 1775 introduces that phase of "the Rococo Period" which flourished at the Court of Marie Antoinette; the hair is powdered, and arranged in large artificial curls fixed up the sides of the head, which is crowned with ostrich feathers; the corsage is long and peaked, with extensions below the waist, and the sleeves, opening wide at the elbow, let fall a great breadth of lace. The playful pastoral disguise with which French Court ladies were then fond of amusing themselves is shown in another plate, representing a maiden with an air of affected rusticity, with a white rose in her hair, carrying a basket of flowers, and trifling with the butterflies on her way. From this delicate mood of the Petit Trianon, there is a startling change, in 1792, to the "Time of the Revolution," which struts forth in the person of a young Parisienne, a true "Citizeness," but exceedingly pretty, though hideously clad in a man's coat with large bronze buttons, with military facings, and in a big slouched hat ostentatiously decorated with tricolour ribbons, beneath which her flowing hair, in charming natural curls, hangs free and unconfined; a smart walking-cane is jauntily stuck under this girl's left arm, as she carelessly fastens her gloves or gauntlets. A few years later, we have one of the "grandes dames" of the First Empire, in her showy ball-dress, which is cut extremely low at the back, half-way down the spine, revealing an immense proportion of the upper part of the person, her muslin scarf being only suspended from the arms. The last scene in this instructive series—*carum et mutabile semper femina*, or, as a French King once wrote, *souvent femme varie*—bears the date of 1820, which the artist chooses to call "The Good Old Time." It was the time of the Regency in England, but the dress of our ladies was modest and ugly: the vast bonnet, overlaid with a feather, bows of ribbon, and a full-blown rose, the leg-of-mutton sleeve, the huge bow-tie at the neck, and the embourgeois reticule and fan, were hostile to female grace. Mr. Beyschlag would do well to continue the series from 1820 to the present day, and to show to our daughters what crinoline was, to the dismay of husbands and fathers, some thirty years ago. His work, "Female Costume Pictures," is contained in a handsome portfolio, and will be an attractive exhibition on the drawing-room table.

Another portfolio, of the same form and size, also issued by Messrs. Sampson Low and Co., is filled with twelve drawings, by Mr. H. Hofmann, Director of the Fine Arts Academy at Dresden, of *Scenes from the Life of Our Saviour*. These designs, in the German academic style of sacred art, are compositions of high artistic merit, reminding us of the best period of Italian painting, of Correggio and Raffaele, while the subjects are treated in a devout and reverent spirit. They are those of "Bethlehem," "The Infancy of Christ," "In the Temple," "The Daughter of Jairus," "Christ Blessing Little Children," "Bethany," "Purification of the Temple," "Gethsemane," "To Golgotha," "The Sepulchre," "Emmaus," and "The Presence of Christ." The omission of "The Crucifixion" is, perhaps, significant of a modern feeling against treating that terrible subject as a theme for art, with which many serious persons will be inclined to sympathise.

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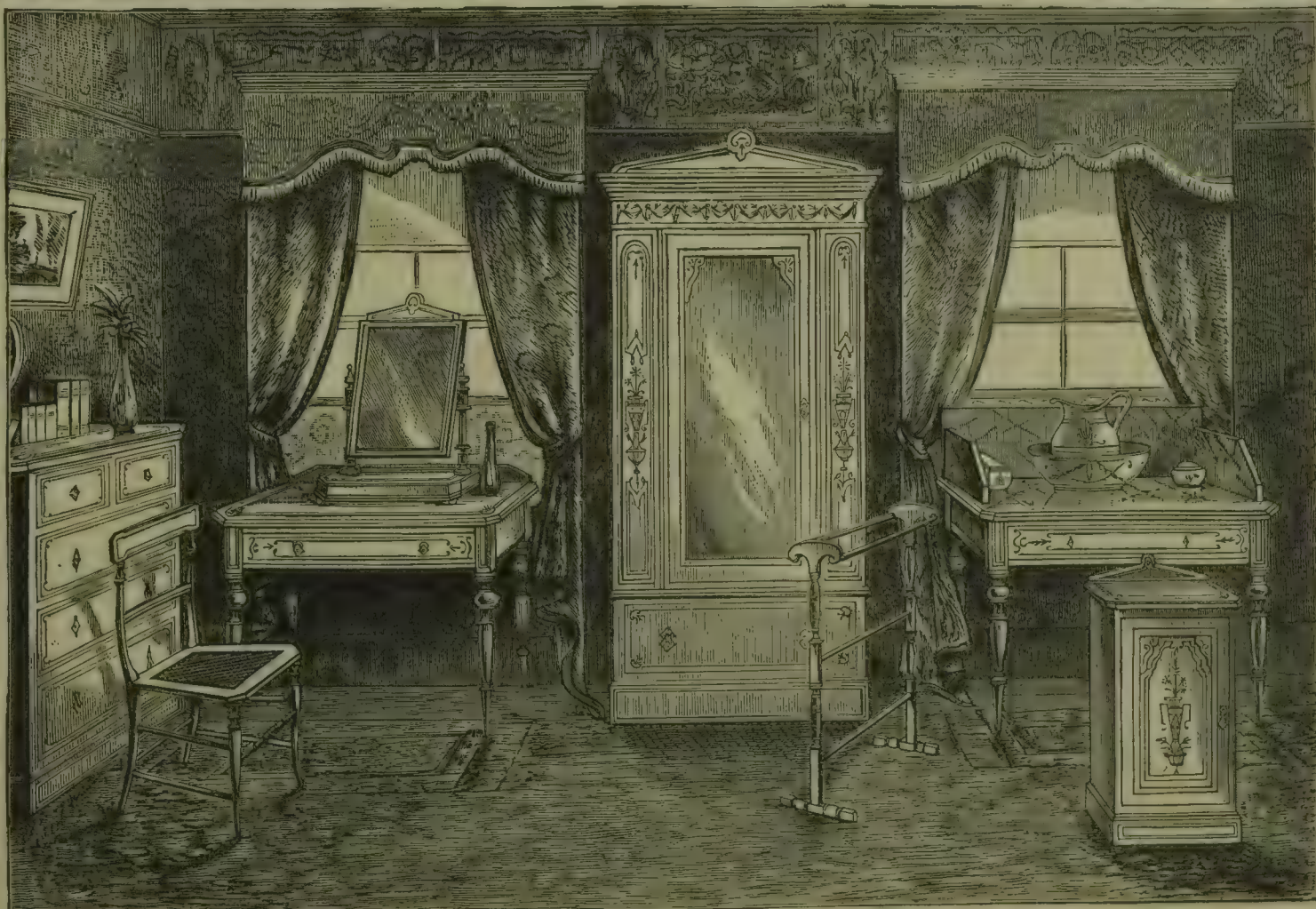
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SKETCHES OF THE EVICTION CAMPAIGN IN IRELAND, BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.



THE BATTERING-RAM AT THE BARRICADED WINDOW.



A TRAP-DOOR ON THE FIRST FLOOR.

Our Artist's Sketches on this page represent the extraordinary scenes, on the 18th ult., at Castleview, three miles from Clonakilty, in the county of Cork. Here the bailiffs and police, enforcing a decree of ejectment, laid siege to the house and wool-carding mill occupied by Timothy Hurley. The building, which comprises the mill-rooms, furnished with machinery, and the dwelling-rooms inhabited by Hurley and his wife and five children, is a large structure of several storeys, with a slated roof and gable front, on the banks of a stream that used to turn the mill-wheel, adjacent to the ruins of an ancient castle. The holding includes also a farm of fifty acres. The immediate landlord, Mr. Francis Evans Bennett, of Rosscarbery, is only the middleman. The valuation of the holding is £52, and the rent £110. Hurley's applications for an abatement were refused,

and the tenant refused, in consequence, to pay the full rent. When it became known that Hurley was to be evicted, a hut was constructed, so as to have it ready for his reception. About two thousand people assembled in the town of Clonakilty, for the purpose of conveying the hut to the scene of the eviction, and erecting it; horses and cars were sent in, and the materials being packed, a procession started, with bands playing and banners waving. The hut was erected in a short time in a field adjoining Hurley's farm, and among those present were three Irish priests. The Rev. Father Lucy, of Clonakilty, addressed the meeting, and justified resistance to the eviction. The time for the under-sheriff's visit was known the day before, and people came to the scene from miles around; it was estimated that two thousand persons assembled to witness the eviction.

The constabulary, thirty in number, under District Inspector Carr, were drawn up in line in front of the dwelling to keep off the crowd. When the bailiffs approached the house, they were suddenly met with a pelting of stones and brickbats from the windows in the upper storey of the building. Between twenty and thirty men had been collected by Tim Hurley to defend the place. The tenant appeared at the windows and declared he was prepared to pay a fair rent, but that the landlord would not treat with him, and he was determined to defend his house to the death. This sentiment was loudly cheered by the spectators, who were in evident sympathy with the tenant. The bailiffs attempted to effect an entrance through the window, using a sort of battering-ram to break in its barricade. Boiling water was thrown upon them, and they were compelled to retreat.



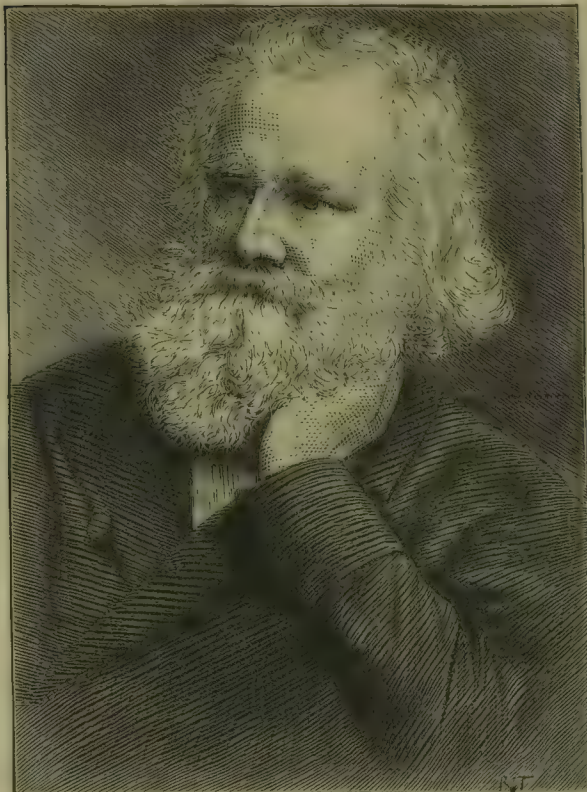
SEIZING THE PROVISIONS BROUGHT FOR THE BESIEGED.



POLICE AND BAILIFFS BESIEGING TIM HURLEY'S MILL AT CLONAKILTY, COUNTY CORK.



THE LATE MR. T. A. PRIOR,
ENGRAVER.



THE LATE MR. G. T. DOO, R.A.,
ENGRAVER.



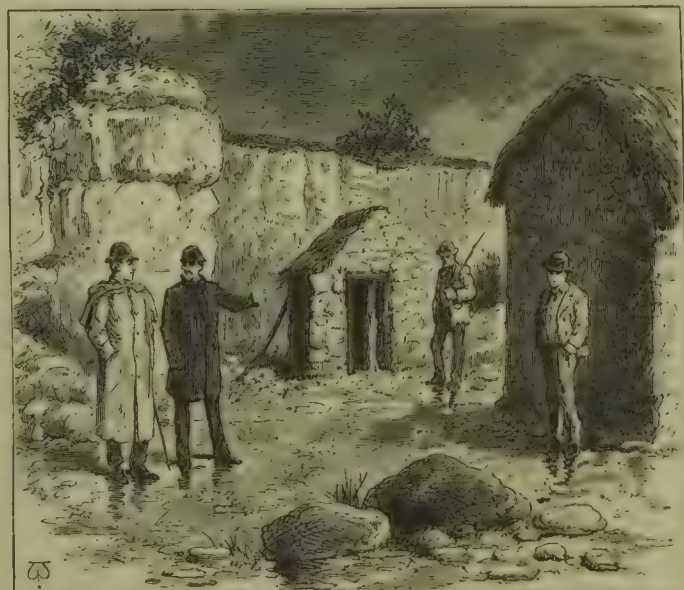
THE LATE MR. G. VULLIAMY,
ARCHITECT TO THE METROPOLITAN BOARD OF WORKS.



HUT OF AN EVICTED FAMILY: "THE MAN IN POSSESSION."



THE LATE EARL OF ENNISKILLEN.



HUT WHERE AN EVICTED COUPLE SPENT THREE YEARS.

They at length forced an entrance through the door, and the sheriff's deputy, a man named Cambridge, was struck on the shoulder by a heavy stone which was rolled down from above. On entering the house it was found that the staircases had been removed, and holes made in the lofts and floors. Iron bolts, stones, weights, and pieces of the masonry were coming down in showers while the bailiffs attempted to remove the furniture, and similar missiles were projected from the windows. Some of the police were struck, and nearly all the bailiffs received some hurt. The crowd outside cheered the defenders as each volley was sent down; and they vented their indignation against the bailiffs by hissing. In the midst of this scene, the District Inspector threatened to fire upon the assailants. The threat was received with defiance, and the defending force became more aggressive. At this point, as the police were preparing to take up their position for firing,

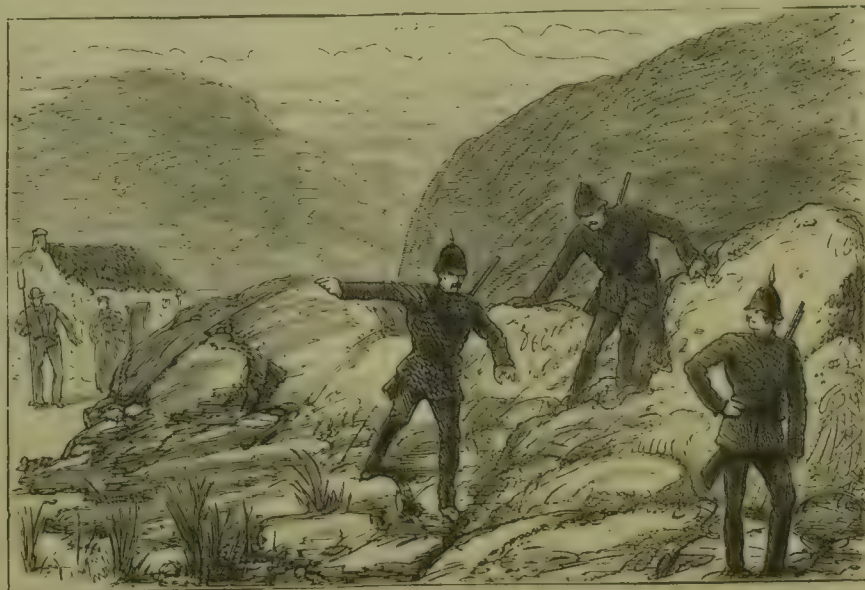
two of the local clergymen, who had been sent for, arrived, and advised Hurley and his party to desist. Hurley said he would not harm the police, but he would defend his house from the bailiffs. It was a hopeless task to attempt to proceed further in the face of the elaborate arrangements that had been made for resistance. All communication had been cut away between the ground floor and the upper rooms, and it would have involved a desperate struggle to eject the occupants. The bailiffs finally decided to abandon the eviction, and they withdrew, under the protection of the police of Clonakilty. Next day, after dark in the evening, a head-constable, with several other constables, watching the premises, met with Hurley and seven men removing trees which they had cut down, and which belonged to the landlord. They arrested Hurley, and found him in possession of two parcels, one containing three dynamite cartridges, in a tin canister, the other a coil of fuse to fire the dynamite. It was imagined

that he intended, if the bailiffs got possession of his house, to blow it up with this apparatus; but the excuse made on his behalf was that the dynamite was used, as is sometimes illegally done, to kill salmon in the river. Hurley was taken to the Cork county jail, and on the 1st inst. was committed by the magistrates, at the Timoleague Petty Sessions, to take his trial for an offence under the Explosives Act.

The other Sketches, by our Artist in Kerry, are those of a wretched hut near Tralee, in which a couple formerly evicted have been living three years; a cottage after a recent eviction, with the "man in possession"; the police patrol on the mountains near Killarney, keeping watch, by orders from General Buller, to detect the movements of roving bands of "Moonlighters"; and an illustration of the manner in which, by "sounding the alarm," when the sheriff's officers and police are coming, the peasantry are called together for the purpose of impeding the legal process of eviction.



SOUNDING ALARM IN A VILLAGE ON APPROACH OF EVICTION PARTY.



POLICE PATROL ON DUTY IN A MOUNTAIN DISTRICT NEAR KILLARNEY.

SKETCHES OF THE EVICTION CAMPAIGN IN IRELAND, BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

THE LATE EARL OF ENNISKILLEN.

Our last week's Obituary recorded the death of this nobleman, the Right Hon. William Willoughby Cole, third Earl of Enniskillen in the Irish Peerage, who sat in the House of Commons, as M.P. for Fermanagh, from 1831 to 1840, and was then known as Lord Cole. He was nearly eighty years of age, and had been blind some years before his death. He was a resident Irish landlord, personally much esteemed by all classes and parties, and held the office of Grand Master of the Orange Lodges in Ireland, and was a Conservative in politics. He succeeded by his eldest son.

Last week 2830 births and 1385 deaths were registered in London.

Our Portrait of the late Earl of Enniskillen is from a photograph by Messrs. Fradelle and Young, of Regent-street; that of the late Mr. G. Vulliamy, by Messrs. G. and R. Lavis, of Eastbourne; that of the late Mr. T. A. Prior, by Eugène Carpot, of Calais.

THE LATE MR. G. VULLIAMY.

The Metropolitan Board of Works has passed a resolution expressing regret at the death of Mr. George Vulliamy, more than twenty-five years superintending architect to the Board. Mr. Vulliamy, who was in his seventieth year, was second son of Mr. Benjamin Louis Vulliamy, of Pall-mall, clockmaker to George III., and a writer on horological subjects. Mr. George Vulliamy, having passed some time in the offices of Messrs. Bramah and Sons, engineers, was articled to the late Sir Charles Barry, by whom he was greatly esteemed. On the conclusion of his articles Mr. Vulliamy travelled for three years in France, Italy, Greece, Turkey, and Egypt, and ascended the Nile as far as the second cataract. After practising some time as an architect on his own account, he joined his uncle, the late Mr. Lewis Vulliamy, an architect with an extensive practice, and assisted him in carrying out many important works. On the resignation of Mr. F. Marrable, Mr. Vulliamy was appointed superintending architect to the Metropolitan Board of Works, a post which he held until his recent death.

THE LATE MR. T. A. PRIOR.

The death of Mr. Thomas Abiel Prior, the well-known line engraver, was lately announced. Mr. Prior, who had resided for some years at Calais, was seventy-seven years of age. It was but a few days before his death that, under the head of "New Engravings and Etchings," reference was made to the works of Mr. Prior on the occasion of the production by Messrs. Graves and Co of the large plate of "The Fighting Téméraire." Mr. Prior's latest work. Mr. Prior's name is well known to all possessors of Turner engravings, for he was the engraver of the "Heidelberg," the "Zurich," the "Apollo and the Sibyl," and other famous plates; and his latest work, "The Fighting Téméraire," is as successful as any, and is likely to be one of his most popular works. Mr. Prior's loss will be the more felt as he was one of the last surviving masters of the art of line engraving.

Mr. Lewis Coward, of the South-Eastern Circuit, has been appointed Recorder of Folkestone, in place of Mr. Lonsdale.

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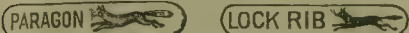
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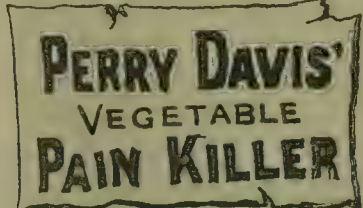


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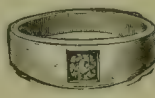
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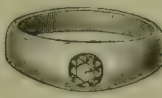
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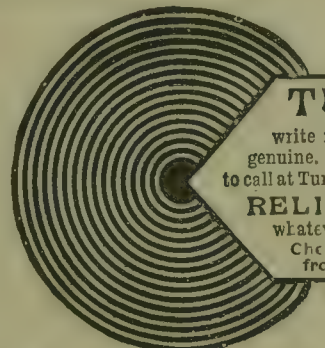


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DRAWN BY A. FORESTIER.

"What will you do for me, Philadelphia, if I give you this stick?"

"THE WORLD WENT VERY WELL THEN." By WALTER BESANT.

THE WORLD WENT VERY WELL THEN.

By WALTER BESANT,

AUTHOR OF "ALL SORTS AND CONDITIONS OF MEN," "DOROTHY FORSTER,"
"THE REVOLT OF MAN," "CHILDREN OF GIBSON," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

HOW BESS RECOVERED HER SENSES.

Woman is a variable and a changeable creature. Many poets and philosophers have insisted upon this maxim. Mr. Westmoreland, as well as Socrates, had good reason to feel the truth of it, and could testify to it from his own experience, under the rule of wife first, and of daughter afterwards; though the capricious nature of the latter Empress was a kind of heaven compared with the clapper clawings, rubs, and buffets which marked the reign of the former. The next morning the Penman came down-stairs meekly resigned to do the daily necessary house-work, which his daughter should have done—namely, to lay his desk in order for the day's work, find something for breakfast, and, towards the hour of noon, interrupt his calculations in order to prepare dinner of some kind—which had been his lot for the last two months: in fact, though he had not the wit to connect the two events, ever since the return of the Lieutenant on board the French prize. He was, therefore, truly astonished when he saw that the room was already swept clean and tidy, a coal fire lit, for the autumn morning was cold, and his breakfast set out upon the table, just at he loved to have his food, ready to his hand, without any thought or trouble about it; both plenty as regards quantity, and pleasing as regards quality. More than this, his daughter Bess was busy with a duster among his papers—no one but Bess knew how to take up a sheet of paper, dust the desk about and under it, and lay it down again in its place. She wore a white apron, her sleeves were turned up above her elbows, and she was going about her work steadily and quietly, as if nothing at all had happened. More again, when she saw her father, she smiled, and saluted him. Now she had not smiled, or said a single gracious thing to him for two months and more.

"Come, father," she said, "take your breakfast while the beer is fresh and hath still a head. The cask is well-nigh out, and I must have another brew. The knuckle of pork has got some good cuts left yet; as for the bread, it is dry, because it is baker's bread, and last week's baking. But to-morrow you shall have some new home-made."

This was a very strange and remarkable change. Nothing at all had happened to make her happier. On the contrary, her lover was certainly going to marry Castilla, and he was going away: her affairs were as hopeless as they could well be. Yet now her soul was calm. It may be that one cannot go on for ever at a white heat of wrath; but some have been known to brood over their wrongs all the days of their lives. Her soul was calm. That was the change which had fallen upon her: her eyes were no longer fierce, and her cheek was no more alternately flaming red and deathly white. Nor did her lips move continually as if she were vehemently reproaching someone. Her face was soft again. She told me afterwards, speakingly humbly and meekly, that when she had tried to curse her unfaithful lover, her lips refused; and when she had tried to murder him—her heart failing her at the last—the words that she said to him—namely, that she would seek no more to harm him, and would think no more of him with bitterness, feeling assured that God would bring the thing home to him in such a way as would touch him most surely—these words seemed as if they were whispered in her ears or put into her mouth; and then suddenly, as she uttered them, all the rage and madness which had torn her for two months left her, and peace fell upon her heart. Those who please may put upon this confession any other meaning; for my own part, I can see but one. What that interpretation is, I leave to the reader.

Mr. Westmoreland, however, when he observed this change, fell to shaking and shivering, betraying in his looks the most vivid apprehensions. The reason of this phenomenon was that in the old days before his wife ran away from him—Bess during the last two months had in other respects greatly resembled her mother as to temper—whenever a domestic storm of greater fury than usual was brewing, it was always preceded by a period of unusual activity in the house, with a strange and unnatural zeal for cleanliness and tidiness. The memory of this fact, and of the terrible storms which afterwards used to break over the poor Penman's head, caused this awakening of terror. Was Bess in this respect also going to take after her mother?

"Child," he stammered, "what—what—what in Heaven's name hath happened to thee? Have I wronged thee in any way? Tell me, Bess, only tell me, what have I done to thee?"

"Why, father, nothing. I have been ill lately. Now I am better. Sit down and take your breakfast. For dinner you shall have something better than cold knuckle of pork."

He obeyed, wondering and distrustful.

"I've been ill of late, father," she repeated; "and you've been neglected and uncomfortable. It's my fault that the room was this morning up to my ankles in dust and dirt. But I've been very ill, and couldn't do anything but think of the pains in my head."

"Well, Bess," he replied, rallying a little, "to be sure you've been a bit—so to speak—haughty for the last two months. It came on, I remember, about the time when the Lieutenant came home."

"It was about that time, father. Two months ago I first began to have these dreadful pains in the head."

"If it was toothache you should have gone to Mr. Brinjes, and had it out. If it was tic, there's nothing to help it but a charm. But why not ask Mr. Brinjes to charm it away?"

"It was not toothache. I dare say it was tic. But now it has almost gone."

"Was it, Bess—was it?"—he dropped his voice—"was it anything to do with Aaron Fletcher? Sometimes I've thought there might have been a love disappointment. Was it Aaron Fletcher?"

"Aaron Fletcher is nothing to me, and never will be."

"Well, I'm glad to hear that, Bess, because Aaron is a bad man—a man of violence; a crafty man, my dear—a headstrong man—a man without virtue or religion—and an unforgiving man as well. I've watched Aaron, man and boy, since he was born. Aaron will end badly. Of late he has been drinking, and his business is broken up. Aaron will come to a bad end."

"Well—that's enough said about me, father. Go on with the cold knuckle."

"And now shall I hear thee singing about thy work again, Bess? and laughing again just as before? It does my old heart good to hear thee sing and laugh. Nay, that doth never put me out, though I be struggling with the sine and tangent and even with the versed sine. 'Tis when I hear thee weep and groan, and when to all my questions I get no answer, and when thine eyes are red and thy cheek pale, and when all day long I see thee sitting neglectful and careless—'tis then, my dear,

that the figures swim before my eyes and the result comes all wrong. 'Tis then that if I try to write, my flourishes are shaky, and the finalia lack firmness."

"Nay, father," she replied, "I fear I shall not laugh and sing again all my life. The kind of tic which I have had takes away the power of laughing and the desire for singing. But I hope never again to be so troubled."

"Alas!" said her father, "I would I were a preacher, so that I could exhort women to good temper. Sometimes when the learned and pious Vicar is expounding the wisdom of the Chalcees—which is, no doubt, a most useful subject for the Church to consider—I venture to think that a word might be spared on the sins of temper and on the hasty tongue and the striking hand. Truly, for my own part, in all things but one have I been singularly blessed, yea, above my fellow-creatures. For I have a house convenient and weather-tight; I belong to the one true Church, being neither a Papist nor a Schismatic; I am assured of my salvation, through no merits of mine own; I am not of lofty station but obscure, yet not of the vilest herd; I live sufficiently, and, when my daughter pleases to exercise her skill of housewifery, with toothsome dishes; no man envies me, and I have no enemies; 'tis true my shoulders are round and I am weak of arm, but what of that? To crown all, I have been endowed by beneficent Providence with the love of divine mathematics and the gift of fine penmanship, so that my work, whether I copy, or engross, or write letters, or work out logarithms, or consider the theses, lemmas, corollaries, problems, and curious questions advanced by ingenious professors of the exact sciences, I live all day long in continual happiness. I would not change my lot for any other, save and except for one thing. I am filled with pride, which I hope is not sinful, because it is in gratitude for the gifts of Heaven. But there is one thing, my child. I have wanted no blessing in this life, which to many of my fellow creatures is, for no seeming fault of theirs, a vale of misery and of tears. But, alas! I still found my comfort spoiled by the temper of thy mother while she remained with me. And I feared, Bess—I say that I feared lest thou might also take after her, and so the scoldings, the peevishness, the discontent, and the violence might begin again. I am not so young as I was then, and I doubt whether I could endure that misery again."

"Fear nothing, father. Why, whenever did I ask or do ought to make you think that I should upbraid you? As for my temper, I will try to govern myself. Fear nothing, father. To-day you shall have as good a dinner as you can desire, to make up for the past shortcomings. What will you have?" She spoke so gently and softly that her father was quite reassured, and plucked up his courage.

"Well, child, since thou art in so happy a disposition—Lord, grant that it continue!—I would choose, if I may, a hodge-podge, with an onion pie. They are the two things, as thou knowest well, which most I love. With hodge-podge, onion-pie, and a merry heart, a man may make continual feast."

It was not a merry heart that returned to poor Bess, but it was the outward seeming or show of cheerfulness which not only returned but remained with her, so that she now listened to her father's garrulous prattle with apparent interest, and gratified his love of good feeding by toothsome dishes, of which there was no more notable compounder than herself. This day especially, she regaled him with a most excellent hodge-podge, in itself a dish fit for a king, and also with an onion pie, a thing counted dainty by those of a strong digestion, though to some who have a delicate stomach it may be thought of too coarse a flavour, being composed of potatoes, onions, apples, and eggs, disposed in layers in a deep pie-dish, and covered over with a light crust of flour and suet.

While Bess was engaged in the preparation of this banquet, the Barber came running across the road, as was his wont when the morning business was completed, and he had any news of importance to communicate—for the spread of news at Deptford is in this way. First it is whispered at the Barber's shop, then it is whispered by the Barber to his customers and his cronies, and next it is carried by them in all directions around the town.

"Have you heard the news, friend Westmoreland?" he asked, with the air of one who is the possessor of an important secret.

"Why," Mr. Westmoreland replied, "since I have not seen you before this morning, gossip, how should I hear any news?"

"You will be astonished," said the Barber. "Those who hold their heads the highest fall the soonest. One whom you know well, friend, and have known long, is broke. Ay, you may well look surprised and ask who it is. He is broke, who, but a short time ago was master of a thriving business, and seemed as if he would save money."

"Who is it, then?"

"I have myself suspected a great while what would happen. For, thank Heaven, I can see as far as most men, and can put two and two together, and am no babbler of secrets, but keep them to myself, or talk of them with my friends over a pipe of tobacco and a glass, being a discreet person. Wherefore, when I heard of certain accidents, and saw in what a spirit they were received, I made up my mind what would happen."

"Who is it?" asked Mr. Westmoreland, when this garrulous person had partly talked himself out of breath.

"It is a man whom you know well; and Bess, here, knows him very well, too."

"If, Mr. Skipworth," said Bess, "you would tell my father your news, we could then talk about it afterwards."

"Why, then, Aaron Fletcher is broke. That is the first news. Since the burning of his yard, he hath done no work, not even to putting up some shed and carrying on the business. What were we to think of that? When he went privateering he made but little prize-money, but had quickly to come home again. Thenceforth he hath been living on his stock, and hath now come to an end, and is broke. This morning he was to have been arrested. The writs are out for him, and the officers came to seek him with intent to take him to the Marshalsea, where his case would have been tried at the Palace Court."

"Would have been tried?" asked the Penman. "Is it not to be tried, then?"

"I said *would*, because for one thing which his creditors thought not of—he hath escaped them. Otherwise, he would have languished in jail until his death."

Here the Barber wanted to be asked further what was that happy incident which enabled Aaron to 'scape prison; for one who is a retailer of news loves not to expend it all at a breath, but must still keep some back.

"His father," he continued, "was a substantial man, and saved money, which the son has spent. He inherited, besides the building yard, a good business, and a fast smack, the Willing Mind, for his trade across the Channel. Now the smack is lost, the yard is burned, the business is ruined, and the money is spent."

"An idle fellow," said Mr. Westmoreland; "a fellow who loved not work. But how hath he escaped his creditors?"

"He will not go to prison; for in the night, we now learn from certain authority, he walked over to Woolwich, where he hath enlisted in the Marines, and so is beyond the reach of his

creditors, who cannot now arrest him. So he escapes the prison, and exchanges the Marshalsea for a man-o'-war. May be 'tis better to be killed by a cannon-shot than to be starved in a debtor's gaol."

So, after more reflections on the folly of young men and the certain end of laziness and extravagance—which have been put more concisely by King Solomon the Wise—the Barber returned to his shop; and before noon everyone in Deptford had heard the surprising news of Aaron's fall.

This intelligence made Bess tremble, thinking on the madness of the last night, when this young man was so desperate, being now assured that he was bankrupt, that he was ready to commit a murder, caring little whether he was found out and hanged, or no; and she herself was so desperate in her wrath and jealousy, that she was ready to commit murder in order to prevent another woman's happiness. Why, what would be the condition of that guilty pair now, were Jack lying dead? Since, however, Aaron was bankrupt it was now certain that he had already resolved to go away and enlist in the Marines, when he came to her and proposed the crime; and that he intended to leave the dreadful secret of the murder, had it been committed, to herself alone—a burden greater than she could bear.

For Aaron, 'twas the only way of escape, to 'list in one of his Majesty's regiments. Naturally, he chose the Marines, as the branch belonging to the sea. To carry a musket on board a King's ship, after being a Lieutenant in a privateer, not to speak of commanding the Willing Mind, is to come down in the world, indeed. Yet that he cared for little, considering the alternative of a debtor's prison, terrible to all, but most terrible to a man who, like Aaron, had spent all his life in the open air, and most certainly it is better for the country that a stout and active fellow should be fighting her battles than that he should be laid by the heels in a prison doing nothing. Mark, however, what followed. Aaron walked to Woolwich that night, where there is a dépôt for Marines, which in that war represented twenty-five companies. He enlisted in the morning. When they began to teach him his drill it was found that he already knew as much as is expected of any recruit when he is passed for service. Therefore he was, with others, marched to Chatham ready for embarkation. There are many remarkable coincidences in this history, but there is none more remarkable than the fact that Aaron should have been shipped as a Marine on board the very ship, the Calypso, of which the man he had tried to murder was Commander. This circumstance, with the consequences which followed, I can regard as nothing but providentially ordered.

When Aaron discovered who was the Captain of the ship, he fell at first into despair, and was ready to throw himself overboard, looking for floggings continually and on the merest pretext, with keel-haulings and every kind of tyranny, oppression, and punishment. But he presently found that the Captain took no kind of notice of him, even when he was on sentry duty on the quarter-deck, and seemed not even to know that he was on board.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

HOW PHILADELPHY REFUSED A BRIBE.

When Bess had given her father his hodge-podge and onion pie, which he received as some compensation due to him for all past privations and recent neglect, she left him, and repaired to the Apothecary's.

Mr. Brinjes was already wide awake, and in earnest conversation with Philadelphia. On the table between them lay the famous skull-stick, object of the deepest veneration and awe to the negro woman.

"What will you do for me," he was saying, "if I give you this stick? I am old now, and I have no enemies to punish, nor many friends to protect, and I want nothing for myself except that which not even an Obeah man can procure for himself—his lost youth. . . . What will you do for me, Philadelphia, if I give it to you?"

"Massa Brinjes"—she clutched at the stick, and held it in her arms, kissing the skull—horrid thing!—which grinned at Bess as if it were alive, "I will do everything. Ask me—tell me—I will do everything."

"We shall see. Those who possess this stick—it must be given, not stolen, or the virtue vanishes—can do whatever they please. Why, if it were your own, there would be no woman in the country so powerful as you. If you have enemies, you could put Obi on them, and go sit in the sun and watch them slowly dying—Ha? I have seen the wise women on the West Coast sitting thus, and watching outside the hut wherein their enemy lay wasting away. And if you have friends, think of the good fortune you could bring them. Why, Miss Castilla you could marry to a Lord; not a beggarly ship Captain, but a rich Lord."

"No—no," said Philadelphia. "She shall marry Mas' Jack. No one like him."

"You could make her as rich as you could desire. If she wants children you could send them to her. No need, then, to consult the cards, or to watch the birds, because you could have everything your own way to command, once you get the skull-stick. As for wind and rain, you could call for them when you pleased. See"—he rose and looked up at the sky, which was covered with driving clouds, the wind being fresh. "See—you would like rain! 'Twould be good for Madam's garden, would it not? I call for rain."

Strange! As he spoke, the drops pattered against the windows. Though 'twas a light and passing shower, yet it seemed to fall in reply to his call. He might have seen it on the point of falling, and prophesied after the event was decided: truly, Mr. Brinjes was crafty and subtle above all other men. But Philadelphia jumped, and kissed the stick again. "You see, Philadelphia," he went on, "what you could do with this stick. It is wasted on me, because I am too old to want anything. I am past ninety, and you, I should think, are not much over seventy. If I die before I give the stick away, it is lost: its virtue is gone. But there is still time. What will you do for me if I give you the stick?" He paused and considered a little before he went on again. "Perhaps you think it will only compel rain, and is of no use as regards persons. Well, here is Bess to testify that I put Obi on Aaron Fletcher. He was formerly a thriving man, until he offended me. What hath happened to him since? First, he was tortured with toothache; next, his smack was taken by French privateers; then he went privateering himself, and did no good; then his boat-building sheds were burned, with all his tools and timber: lastly, he went bankrupt, and hath now, I fear, enlisted in the Marines to escape a prison. I have removed the Obi, and now leave him to his fate. What will you do for me if I give you the stick?"

Again the old woman clutched it and kissed it, with the unholy light of witchcraft in her eyes. I wonder if the Sorceress of Endor had a skull-stick.

"Stop a moment, Philadelphia. What will you do for me?"

"Everything, Massa Brinjes. Nothing in the world that I will not do for you."

"There is only one thing that I cannot make my stick do for me. Everything else in the world I can do. But this thing I cannot do, and you can."

Still clinging to the stick, the old woman implored him only to let her know what that was in order that she might instantly go away and do it.

"Bess hath a sweetheart, and he hath proved a rover, as many sailors do. Bring him back to her arms and keep him constant, and I will bestow the stick upon thee."

"Nay," Bess cried, quickly. "Since my sweetheart loves me no longer, I will have no charms to make him. I have promised, besides, that I will trouble him no more."

"Tell me his name," cried the old woman, regardless of Bess. "Only tell me his name, and I will do it for her."

"Can you bewitch a man at sea?"

"I can, I can," she cried. "I will make his heart soft for her, so that he will forget every other woman, and want none but Bess. Why," she said, "every negro woman knows a love charm." This with some wonder that a wizard of Mr. Brinjes' power, and possessed of an Obeah stick, should not be able to do so simple a thing. "I can make him love her all the same as he loved her at first. I can make him love her so as he shall never love another woman. If that is all, Massa Brinjes, let me carry away the stick."

"Softly, softly. The thing is not done yet. If I give thee this stick I shall never get it back again. Wherefore, let us have it paid for first."

"Tell me his name, then." Philadelphia turned eagerly to Bess. "Only tell me his name, girl, and I will make the charm to-day."

"Nay," Bess repeated, "I want no charm to bring him back."

"Be not so proud, Bess," said Mr. Brinjes; "you shall have what your friends can get you. As for you, Philadelphia, be not too ready. What? You think I would give such a stick for a trifle? You think Bess's lover is some common sea swab, I dare say, a master's mate, at best, or a gunner, or perhaps a shipwright. No, no; her lover is another guess kind, I promise you."

"If he was an Admiral, he should come back to her. Tell me his name."

"Even if he were promised to marry your young mistress, Miss Castilla?"

"A negro woman cannot turn pale, particularly one so black as Philadelphia, nor can her colour come and go like that of a white woman: yet she changes colour when she is moved. Philadelphia not only changed colour, but she gasped and looked upon Mr. Brinjes as one astonished and dismayed."

"To marry Miss Castilla?" she repeated.

"What if Bess's lover had deserted her for your young mistress?"

"Don't say that—oh! Massa Brinjes. I cooden do it—no—no—I could do anything else, but I cooden do it even for the stick."

"I say, Philadelphia, what if his name was Jack Easterbrook? Why, it is Jack. It is the Captain who was Bess's lover. Where were your eyes not to discover that? You, a witch? Where were your eyes, I say?"

"I cooden do it—no—I cooden do it."

"Look at the stick again, old woman. Think of the joy of having the stick your own. Think of what you could do, with the stick to help you. What is the Captain to you, compared with the possession of the stick?"

She looked at it with yearning eyes. Suppose that the thing which all your life you have been taught to regard as the symbol and proof of power was to be offered you at a price. This was the old negro woman's case—she could have the Obeah stick in return for—what?

"At the worst," said Mr. Brinjes, "it would make her unhappy for a week."

"No—no—Miss Castilla, she set her heart upon the Captain."

"Well," the tempter continued, "with the help of the stick you can not only find a rich and noble lover for her, one who will make her happy, but you can also give her a charm and make her forget the Captain."

"No—no," said the old woman, "Miss Castilla will never forget the Captain."

"Then, when his fancy returns to his old love, which it will do before long, your young mistress will be made unhappy. Come, Philadelphia, think of this stick; think of having it your own—the great Obeah stick."

"Who are you," she turned fiercely upon Bess, "to take away a young gentleman officer? Stay with your own people, and let the Captain stay with his. Massa Brinjes, if I give you the secret to keep alive—ten—fifty—a hundred years if you like—will you give me the stick?"

"If you have that secret, old woman," said Mr. Brinjes, "I will tear it out of you, if I have to rack every joint in your body with rheumatism. If you know that secret, it is as good as mine already. No, Philadelphia, it is the Captain or nothing. Look at the stick again, Philadelphia. Take it in your hands."

"Oh! I will get the girl—what a fuss about a girl! As if she was a lady!—I will get her any other man in Deptford. Plenty handsome men in Deptford."

"I want none of her charms, Mr. Brinjes, for Jack or anyone else," Bess said, again. "Let her have the stick, if you like, and let her go."

"There!" Philadelphia cried, triumphantly. "You see? She wants none of my charms. Why, there, take the secret instead, and let me have the stick, and you shall live for a hundred years more."

Here one cannot but admire the way in which these two magicians believed each in the other's powers, but were uncertain about their own. For—first—if Mr. Brinjes, by means of his skull-stick, could draw down rain from the sky, why could he not move the Captain's heart? And, next, if Philadelphia could turn a faithless lover back to his fidelity, why could she not so order Castilla's heart that she should resign the Captain without a pang? But this she could not do. Yet the wizard believed in the witch, and the witch in the wizard.

"It must be Jack," said Mr. Brinjes, "or nothing."

"Then," she replied, sorrowfully, "it is nothing. Put away the stick, Mr. Brinjes, lest I die of longin', and let me go."

He replaced the stick in the corner. The skull grinned at the old woman as if in contempt because she had missed so magnificent an opportunity.

"Very well, Philadelphia," said Mr. Brinjes, returning to his pillows. "I do not believe you know any charm at all. You know nothing. You are only an ignorant old negro woman. In Jamaica they would laugh at you. You are not a wise woman. You only pretend to make charms. Why, anybody could make as good a charm as you."

She shook her head, but made no reply, still gazing at the stick.

"All your tricks are only pretence. You cannot, in reality, do anything. As for your cards, you cannot even tell a fortune properly. If you can, tell Bess hers."

Philadelphia drew from her pocket a pack of cards, greasy and well worn, and began to shuffle them and to lay them out according to her so-called science. Bess, who would have no charms, could not resist the sight of the cards, and looked on anxiously while the old woman laid out her cards and muttered her conclusions.

"The dark woman is Bess," she said—"the fair woman

is Miss Castilla—the King of Hearts is the Captain. Oh! the dark woman wins!" She dashed the cards aside, and would go on no further, but, with every sign of alarm and anxiety, rose up, and, tightening her red turban, she hurried away.

"Always," said Bess, "she has told me the same fortune. Always the same. Yet I know not."

"These divinations by cards," said Mr. Brinjes, "are known by many women even in this country, where there is so little wisdom. I wonder if Philadelphia lied when she offered to sell me that secret. If I thought she had such a secret—but I doubt, else why doth she continue so old and grow so infirm? No; she hath not that knowledge, which I must seek on the African coast. Bess, take courage. We will sail to that coast—you, Jack, and I; we will be all carried away together; and, first, I will find that secret, and, next, we will go forth to the Southern Seas, and there dig up the treasure of the great galleon."

She shook her head.

"As for me," she said, "there will be no sailing away, with you or with Jack, nor any happiness at all; and as for you, Daddy, when you are carried away it will be with feet first."

"Perhaps! Yet I doubt! For I do continually dream of those seas, and clearly discern the ship, with myself upon the poop, and the island not far off, where at the foot of the palm-tree there lie the boxes. All shall be thine, Bess—to dispose of as thou wilt."

"Why," said Bess, simply, "what should I do with it but give it all to Jack?"

(To be continued.)

ART BOOKS.

Agostino's recipe for making a good painter, which has been current in Italy for some centuries, finds but scant favour with the Hon. John Collier, whose *Manual of Oil-Painting* (Cassell and Co.) seems to aim at substituting the science for the art of painting. The manual is divided into two parts—Practice and Theory; and from his treatment of both, we are led to the conclusion that an effort of will is almost, if not quite, sufficient to enable anyone to produce a picture. There is no excuse, he asserts, for incompetent drawing in this country; and, further, that it is not at all necessary to have any special dexterity to acquire the power of accurately portraying the shapes and position of things.

"In oil-painting," he adds, "the original drawing may be clumsy, untidy, vacillating—in short, have every possible fault of execution; but, as long as it is substantially accurate it will serve its purpose." Mr. John Collier advises all students who have, by means of freehand drawing from objects, acquired accuracy, to devote themselves to painting "still-life" as the best starting point of the race for fame; and thence pass to figure-painting, in which he seems to think the study of anatomy is allowed to play too large a part in our present teaching. Portrait-painting should only be attempted after the painter has achieved a certain standard of accuracy. And after a while he may call into play both imagination and memory, an historical or genre picture; or, as Mr. Collier, for no logical or intelligible reason proposes, to divide his style into modern and non-modern subjects. The weakness of such a distinction is at once apparent when one thinks of Mr. Alma Tadema's works. He has painted historical works and genre works—and frequently the genre are less modern than the historical. Landscape-painting should come last; and, happily, in this branch Mr. Collier is less didactic than when treating of other styles of pictures. But it is in his treatment of the theories which underlie the art of painting that he displays most strongly the bias of the school of which he constitutes himself the spokesman. The scientific bias of his mind so fairly carries Mr. Collier off his legs that one almost forgets that he has care for anything in a picture beyond scientific accuracy and a proper knowledge of the theory of optics. We fear that students who take up this little manual in the hopes of finding in it a royal road to perfection will lay it down more puzzled than encouraged, and will scarcely echo the (apocryphal) exclamation attributed to Correggio in the Sistine Chapel, "*Anch'io son pittore!*"

A work of far simpler aims and more practical intention is Miss Maud Naftel's *Flowers, and How to Paint Them* (Cassell and Co.), and if we could only start with the artist's natural and inherited talent, we might find the art of flower painting almost as simple as her directions would imply. Nothing can be clearer than Miss Naftel's instructions to students, and if the illustrations she gives to elucidate her text are the result of a merely mechanical following of the latter, we can only express our surprise that so few, comparatively, especially amongst lady amateurs and professionals, attain even moderate proficiency. We do not for a moment doubt Miss Naftel's capabilities of producing flower paintings equal to those in this volume; in fact, one can see at public exhibitions the high ability and taste she possesses; but one has seen in recent publications of Messrs. Cassell flower paintings which so strongly resemble for method and design those included in this volume, that one would have been glad to have a more definite assurance that these also are wholly due to her, and are the results of the application of her own precepts.

We have also received from Messrs. Cassell a portfolio of six *Character Sketches from Thackeray*, reproduced by photography from original drawings by Mr. Fred Barnard. The series includes studies of Colonel Newcome coming out of Charterhouse Chapel, dressed in his Poor Brother's gown; of Major Pendennis at his club window, restless and self-conscious; of Becky Sharpe, apparently at Gaunt House, in full dress, a handsomer woman than Thackeray describes her; of Captain Dobbin kissing Amelia's baby; of Captain Costigan in the green-room of the theatre; and of the "Little Sister," from the "Adventures of Philip." The three first-named studies are decidedly the best; but one cannot fail to recognise in all that Mr. Barnard's talent is a versatile one.

Gray's *Elegy in a Country Churchyard* has furnished many generations of artists, etchers, and engravers with inspirations for brush and graver; and it is now, perhaps, almost as well known by its illustrations as by the poet's words. The latest and by no means the least noteworthy of the former is Mr. Norman Prescott Davis, whose sixteen facsimile drawings have now been reproduced in a tasteful volume, by Messrs. Field and Tuer (Leadenhall Press). It is in his rendering of English country life that Mr. Davis is most successful; and his landscape illustrative of the line—

To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,

is almost, if not quite, the best thing in the volume. In his prefatory notice, Professor J. W. Hales restores the half-dozen stanzas which Gray sacrificed, apparently, with few pangs of regret; and we see no reason to protest, save in the case of one:

There, scattered oft, the earliest of the year,
By hands unseen, are showers of violets found;
The redbreast loves to build and warble there,
And little footsteps lightly print the ground.

But Gray's ear was more sensitive than his latest commentator's; and he felt that the parenthesis, already too long, would by the addition have been stretched to breaking-point; and the poet might have hesitated to endow the robin with a characteristic unknown to naturalists.

FISH-CULTURE AT THE CHATEAU D'ORVAL.

The Château d'Orval, near Florenville, in Belgium, formerly the country seat of the Napoleon family, was lately rebuilt and modernised. It is situated in the forest of the Ardennes, adjacent to the ruins of the celebrated Abbey of Orval, from which it takes its name. This abbey, founded by the Benedictines in the tenth century, passed to the Augustine Canons of Treves, in 1110, and to the Bernardines in 1120. It was replaced, in 1760, by the superb establishment destroyed, soon after completion, by the French in 1783. The enormous extent of the ruins plainly indicates the magnificence and wealth of the Abbey, which was at one time quite marvellous. At its final destruction, the monks are reported to have buried an enormous amount of treasure somewhere in the ruins. The destruction of the ruins was very complete; but many large and interesting fragments remain; notably, the church of Notre Dame d'Orval. The present owner of the Château d'Orval, Major Turner, has carefully preserved the ruins, and has issued very stringent orders against their defacement. This gentleman devotes his efforts chiefly to pisciculture, and has adapted the fountains, ponds, canals, and sluices of the monks to that purpose, with most successful result. In fact, he has said that if the monks of old had combined, at enormous cost, to make a place for fish culture, they could not have succeeded better.

Just within the gateway to the ruins, which are inclosed in a wall nearly three quarters of a mile long, and are thirty-two acres in extent, is a large building occupied by the head pisciculturist. The hatching of eggs is conducted on the principle of Mr. Andrews, of Guildford, in zinc perforated trays placed in wooden boxes, the whole covered with tar varnish, to prevent fungus, and to keep it clean. Into these boxes the water is introduced from below by a perforated tube running round the bottom of the box, each of the hatching boxes having a separate tap, and all supplied by a common pipe, the water coming from a lake above. Here can be hatched about a million of ova; but this apparatus is not much used, on account of the variation of the temperature and the coldness of the water, which in the winter is sometimes only five degrees above zero. Nearly all the hatching is done in a spring, and this system has been found so simple, and to succeed so admirably, that Major Turner is convinced that where such favourable natural conditions exist, no other system would be adopted. This spring is called the "Fontaine Mathilde," because when Princess Mathilde was at the Abbey she dropped a ring into it, and a fish rose with the ring in its mouth and returned it to her. It is simply a round bricked-up well, 4 ft. deep, and 15 yards in circumference, into which the water comes on one side from a spring in the ground, and overflows on the other side, about a foot below the surface of the cemented sides, so that the height of water never changes. The water is of extraordinary purity, and its temperature never varies in winter or summer, being always 48 deg. Fahrenheit. Inside the well is placed a sort of table, three or four inches under water, and on this are placed common square perforated zinc boxes, containing the eggs, which remain here without being touched, with the exception of cleaning them, till they are hatched. By this arrangement, all taps, pipes, filters, and other causes of anxiety are done away with. The water flows always, and is always changing. In this well two million of ova can be hatched, and the fry appear to be healthy, in the short space of forty-eight days.

The oblong pond with the fountain is the temporary reservoir for male fish, during the time they are wanted for spawning purposes. The water is the same which supplies the whole of the lakes and ponds, except the hatching-well, and in this, as in all the other ponds, the fish are hardly fed at all, as the water abounds with food of all sorts. The ruined tower, seen in the distance in this Sketch, was the punishment tower of the monks. In the canal, made by the monks, and divided by the present owner with partitions and covered over with wire netting to prevent the visits of herons and kingfishers, are the fry of different sorts. There we find salmon, great lake trout, river grayling, Loch Leven trout, fontinalis and common English trout, and the new trout from California, called rainbow trout, from its extraordinary beauty and change of colour. Each compartment is carefully partitioned off by a wire grating, so that the sorts are kept absolutely distinct, and is supplied by water from the same lake above, and regulated by locks. At right angles to this canal is another canal, 27 yards wide and 180 yards long, for yearling trout. One Sketch shows a sort of cellar flooded, which is one of the reservoirs for female fish during the spawning season. This curious place was made by the monks, and was probably anciently the crypt of a small chapel. Through this, the water again passes in a sort of waterfall to another reservoir, also for female fish in their last stage before spawning. The water runs from a wooden grating into a subterranean canal which the monks made, and which traverses the whole length of the ruins. The beauty of the whole arrangement is its simplicity and utility for trout culture. Monks generally appreciated a good trout stream; but little did the monks of Orval think to what extent their great ponds, canals, and basins would be utilised, later, for trout breeding. There is a large lake in front of the château, of seven acres, used as a reservoir for large breeding fish. It contains at present about two thousand trout, of from 1 lb. to 3 lb. size, and will easily hold ten thousand. It is a curious and beautiful sight, in the May fly season, to see a quantity of fish leaping out of the water at once. Natural food abounds in this lake. In October the water is run off, and all the fish drawn into a fishery below, when they are carted away to the smaller stews in the ruins of the Abbey, to be utilised as required for spawning.

The neighbourhood of the Château is celebrated for its sport. There are eleven miles of trout streams on the estate, carefully preserved, and two lakes, one of eighteen acres, the other of four; the large one destined for great lake trout and salmon, which it is now proved can be reared in land-locked lakes. The shooting, also, is first-rate; wild boars, roe deer, hares, rabbits, partridges, wild duck, and woodcock abound; and wolves and red deer are occasionally met with. Major Turner, during the snows of last March, shot with an express rifle four wild boars in three days, weighing about 6 cwt. For the fisherman, the scenery in which he fishes is very lively; for the antiquary, the ruins would afford ample food. Altogether, Orval is an excellent place at which to spend a fortnight's holiday. It is only five hours' journey from Brussels by express-train.

The Scotch yacht which is to contest the international race next season, is to be named the Thistle. The New York Club has cordially met the challenge of Mr. Bell, of Glasgow.

A fire broke out in Hampton Court Palace yesterday week, originating in the apartments of Miss Cuppage—in that quarter of the building known as Prince Edward's Lodgings—spreading to about forty rooms, all of which were more or less damaged. No historic relics or works of art were destroyed, and, still more fortunately, there was no loss of life, though some persons were slightly injured. The Queen, on being apprised of the calamity, sent Sir John Cowell to make inquiries.



1. Temporary reservoir for male fish in spawning-time: ruins of church and tower behind.
2. The Fontaine Mathilde, with zinc boxes containing eggs to be hatched.

3. Canal made by the old monks, with partitions for different kinds of fish, and wire netting cover.
4. View of the Chateau d'Orval, from the lake.
5. Reservoir for female fish in the last stage before spawning.

6. Ancient crypt, flooded and made a reservoir for female fish in the spawning season.
7. Canal for yearling trout.
8. Trays for hatching ova, in the house of the head pisciculturist.
9. One of the attendants.



WIGS AND WIGDOM: A NEW JUDGE.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Nov. 30, 1882) of Mr. John Forster, late of Malverleys, East Woodhay, in the county of Southampton, who died on Sept. 30, was proved on the 4th inst. by Paul Frederick Forster and John Carey Forster, the sons, and the Hon. George Pepys, three of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £147,000. The testator leaves £2000, and all his furniture, plate, pictures, wines, liquors, jewellery, effects, horses and carriages, to his wife, Mrs. Sidney Matilda Forster; his live and dead farming stock to his son Paul Frederick; his residence, Malverleys, with the park, to his wife, for life, and then to his last-named son; the rest of the Malverleys estate, and all other his real estate, to his said son; £2000, upon trust, for his sisters, Susan and Julian, for life; and £200 to his son-in-law, the Hon. George Pepys. The residue of his personal estate is to be held, upon trust, for his wife, for life; at her death he bequeaths £52,000 to his son Paul Frederick; £25,000 to his son John Carey; £25,000 to his daughter Sidney Eliza; £10,000 each to his daughters the Hon. Mrs. Ann Eliza Pepys and Mrs. Sarah Matilda Walker; and the ultimate residue between his two sons. The trustees are empowered to raise and pay at once part of the legacies to his sons, and to his daughter Sidney Eliza.

The will (dated July 4, 1885), with three codicils (dated Oct. 10, 1885, and March 13 and May 29, 1886), of Mr. Frederick Rodewald, late of Feldheim, Wimbledon-common, who died on the 4th ult. at Rettershof, near Eppstein i Taunus, Germany, was proved on the 5th inst. by William Frederick Narraway and Charles Gow, the acting executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £137,000. The testator gives to his son, Frederick Arnold, all his lands in California or elsewhere in the United States, £500, and certain houses and land at West-hill, Wandsworth, on the death of a lady who is given a life interest; part of his furniture and effects to his two daughters, Alice Von Dieskau and Edith Von Roeder, and the remainder to his son; and legacies to his executors. As to the residue of his real and personal estate, he leaves one third, upon trust, for each of his two daughters, and one third to his son.

The Scotch Confirmation, under seal of office of the Commissariat of the county of Edinburgh, of the trust disposition, and settlement (dated June 23, 1885), of Mr. William Gilbert Don, of Rothesay-terrace, Edinburgh, who died at Dunnichen House, Forfarshire, granted to Mrs. Margaret Birrell, or Don, the widow, John Sharp, Robert Sturrock, Patrick Cockburn Don, the brother, Robert Bogle Don, and John Birrell Don, the son, the surviving accepting executors nominate, was sealed in London on the 3rd inst., the value of the personal estate in England and Scotland amounting to upwards of £104,000.

The will (dated Nov. 10, 1885), with two codicils (dated May 23 and Aug. 9, 1886), of the Rev. Charles Langton, late of Eastwood, Bournemouth, Hants, who died on Aug. 26 last, at Frankfort, was proved on the 10th inst. by William Erasmus Darwin, Clement Francis Wedgwood, and Frederick Willis Farrer, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £103,000. The testator bequeaths £1000, and a sum to keep up his residence at Bournemouth for a period after his death, to his wife, Mrs. Augusta Ann Helen Langton; his furniture, plate, pictures, and effects to his wife and daughter-in-law; and legacies to nephews, niece, executors,

and servants. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, to pay one fifth of the income to his wife, for life, and, subject thereto, he gives the same to the trustees of his late son's will, to go and devolve thereunder as though his late son had survived him and then died.

The will (dated March 19, 1886) of Mr. John Augustus Beaumont, late of No. 15, Stratton-street, Piccadilly, who died on Sept. 10 last at Wimbledon, was proved on the 6th inst. by Miss Augusta Sarah Beaumont, the daughter, Bernard Edward Ratliffe, and Frederick William Yeates, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £45,000. The testator bequeaths the testimonial plate presented to his father and himself by the County and Provident Institutions, and £5000, to his son Seymour Augustus; £20,000, and one moiety of a certain policy fund, upon trust, for each of his daughters, Florence Louisa and Augusta Sarah; £10,000, upon trust, for each of his daughters, Laura Mary and Geraldine Louisa; £500 to each of his executors; £5000, in addition, to his inestimable friend Mr. Ratliffe; and legacies to his attendant, coachman, and the manager of the strangers' room at the Windham Club. The residue of his property, real and personal, he leaves to his daughter, Augusta Sarah.

The will (dated Dec. 29, 1883) of Mr. Henry John Cutler, formerly of Sidmouth, Devon, but late of No. 20, Avenue Carnot, Paris, who died on Aug. 11 last, was proved on the 5th inst. by Edmund Stamp, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £43,000. The testator gives £250 to his executor; £1000, an annuity of £600, and his furniture, plate, jewellery, effects, horses and carriages to Madame Adèle Henrietta Vouga; and £400 per annum to her daughter, Mathilde Julie Adèle Clerc Vouga, if she shall not have been married previously to his decease and shall survive her mother. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his cousin, Frederic Frank Egerton Cutler.

The will (dated Sept. 22, 1882), with a codicil (dated Sept. 29, 1883), of Mr. Thomas Webster, retired R.A., late of Cranbrook, Kent, who died on Sept. 23 last, was proved on the 10th inst. by Mrs. Ellen Webster, the widow, John Calcott Horsley, R.A., and Digby Green, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £18,000. The testator bequeaths the portraits of his father and mother, painted by himself, to the National Gallery; his own portrait, painted by himself, to his wife; the remainder of his pictures are directed to be sold, and the proceeds added to his residuary personal estate; all his furniture and effects, the cash in the house and at his banker's, and £1000, to his wife, she paying his debts and the expenses; legacies to his executors, and an annuity to a servant. The residue of his personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life; at her death, he gives £2000 to Queen Elizabeth's Grammar School at Cranbrook, to found two exhibitions at Cambridge, to be called the Webster Exhibitions; and the ultimate residue equally between his nephew and nieces, the Rev. William Bridges, Elizabeth Webster, and Ellen Webster.

Messrs. Rothschild have announced their intention to contribute £500 towards the £15,000 which the trustees of the People's Palace for East London still require for library and reading-rooms, and upon the securing of which depends the Drapers' Company's gift of £20,000 for technical and trade instruction. Messrs. Rothschild had previously given £500 to the Palace scheme.

WIGS AND WIGDOM: A NEW JUDGE.

Our recent Sketches of the quaintly characteristic incidents and aspects of the legal profession, not only in the Law Courts, but in the subsidiary establishments of wig-makers and furnishers of the barrister's outward paraphernalia, in the neighbourhood of Temple Bar, Chancery-lane, and Lincoln's Inn, are continued with an illustration of "Wigdom" preparing for its most dignified exhibition on the Bench of the High Court of Justice. In one of the Sketches already published, the Artist had represented the first visit of the young aspirant to judicial honours to the wig-maker, where, having tried on a wig and gown, "just to see how he looks in it," he is examining, with some degree of curiosity, the different kinds of wigs which the assistant has arranged for his inspection. In the present Sketch we have a view of a private room in which our young barrister, after a successful career at the Bar, and having attained the honours of "silk," may be supposed to have been recently nominated to the proud position of one of her Majesty's Judges, learned in the law. The new Judge having first donned the ermine robes, as part of the insignia of so dignified an office, is proceeding to try on the "full-bottomed wig." On the right is the representative of the firm, surveying, with a critical eye, the general appearance of the newly-made Judge in his formidable wig and gown; his attention being, however diverted to the study of a far more interesting figure—that of the fair damsel, in a coquettish hat, probably the daughter of the Judge, as she gazes admiringly on her father in his new costume.

CATTLE SHOWS.

The eighty-ninth annual cattle show of the Smithfield Club has been fixed to open at the Royal Agricultural Hall, Islington, on Dec. 6, and the entries, which finally closed on the 5th inst., indicate that the exhibits upon the ensuing occasion will more than equal those of last year, when they stood at 543. The show will this year be divided into eighty-six classes, thirty-six being devoted to cattle, thirty-five to sheep, and fifteen to pigs. The prize list and awards have been largely increased, the money prizes for cattle alone reaching to over £1560, for sheep £700, and for pigs £250. In addition, there are the seven £30 breed cups for cattle, the £50 cups for the best steer or ox and best heifer or cow in the classes, with the champion plate of 100 guineas and the large gold medal for the best beast in the show, value over £500.

On the 18th inst. the annual Norfolk and Norwich fat cattle show was held in the Agricultural Hall, Norwich. There was a large and excellent exhibition. Her Majesty took the first prize for the best steer of any breed, and was also first in the class of crossed or mixed-bred steers. The Prince of Wales was first in the shorthorn cow class with a roan cow of his own breeding.

Sir Henry James has been elected President of Cheltenham College, in place of the late Lord Redesdale.

At a meeting of the Court of Common Council on the 18th inst., the Lord Mayor in the chair, a resolution was enthusiastically adopted that the Court resolves to commemorate the jubilee of her Majesty's reign, and that the committee be that of the whole Court.—Memorials were presented with a view to the preservation of Staple Inn, and were referred to a committee.

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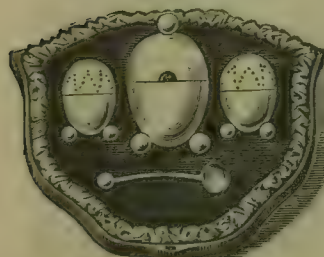
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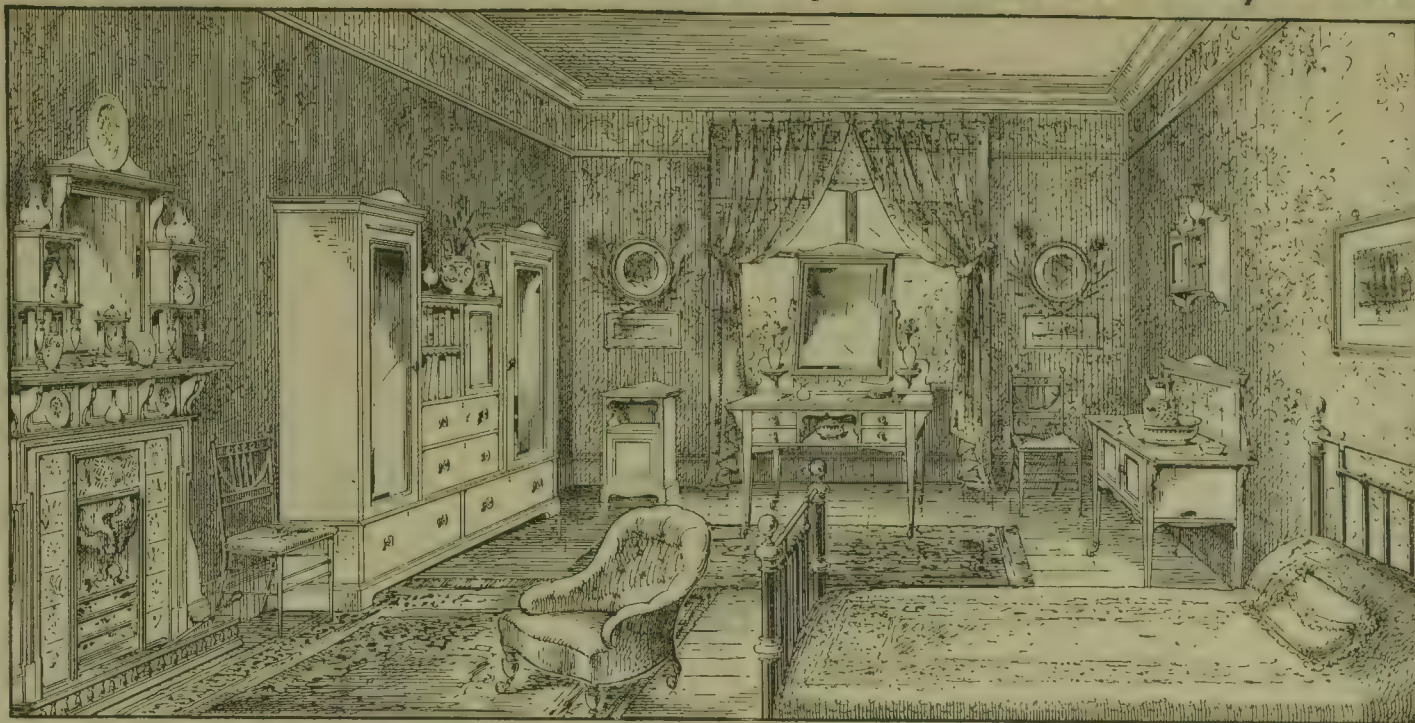
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THE BATH.

ART EXHIBITIONS.

The exhibition of the water colour and crayon drawings of the late Edouard Frère, now on view at Messrs. Agnew's Galleries (39, Old Bond-street) almost makes one regret that this artist should have done so little comparatively to attain success in a branch of his art for which he was eminently qualified. He had a facile hand, a correct eye, and a delicate taste; but he had few of the qualities which are needed to make a very distinguished or even a very successful artist, either as colourist or as draughtsman. For many years before his death he had practically ceased to exhibit in Paris, reserving most of his work for London and New York exhibitions. In this country he will always hold a high place as a painter of child-life, with its pleasures and trials, or as a somewhat sentimental moralist of the goody-goody school. But one must not forget that the circumstances of his life, and his peculiar temperament, disposed him to exaggerate in some degree the grey and colourless atmosphere in which his existence was passed. A somewhat gayer tone and brighter colours are shown in such works as "Escaped" (6), a bird flying away over the group of children, who had just trapped it; in the "Pet Child" (48), or in "Real Enjoyment" (36), children paddling on the sea-shore. The two most important drawings are those of the "Sortie de l'Ecole Communale"—girls (7) and boys (19)—in which there are some admirable touches of village school life, as well as excellent grouping of the figures. A fair idea of the bias of Edouard Frère's mind may be gathered from the fact that out of the forty sketches here exhibited no less than seventeen represent snow or rainy weather, and eight others depict the devotional habits of the simple Norman peasantry, amongst whom the artist passed the greater portion of his life.

The French Gallery (120, Pall-mall) opened this year with so little ceremony that it might have been thought that Messrs. Wallis had no treat in store for their patrons. A brief glance, however, will speedily convince the visitor that no disappointment awaits him. Although Professor Müller is represented by a small work, "A Corner in Cairo" (3), his school finds an able exponent in his youngest and most talented pupil, Herr A. Delug, whose large academic work, "Philippina Welser and Children" (42), gives promise of future success. The scene is laid in the Hradschin at Prague, where Philippina has obtained admission to the presence of the Emperor Ferdinand, and, unrecognised by him as the wife of his son (after Charles V.), she seeks and obtains forgiveness for her secret marriage. If Herr Delug has failed to throw into the faces of the chief actors in the scene that depth of feeling which one might have supposed was displayed by both, he has not, on the other hand, spoilt his work by exaggeration or staginess. The attitude of the two wondering children, who stand beside their kneeling mother, is simple and unaffected, and altogether the picture is an attractive one. That clever Bulgarian artist, Herr Joanowitz, sends a national love-scene, "Twixt Doubt and Fear" (17). Herr Rasch and Herr Heffner would seem to have been spending their summer together on the shores of the Baltic, whence the former sends two remarkable sea-pieces, "Landing from the Fish-boats" (54) and "With Wind and Tide" (78); whilst the latter's view of "The Dunes Prerow" (25) gives the artist a new field for his talents—the break of light and shadow over the sand hills which edge the shore. Heffner's larger work, "The Castle of Ostia" (30), exhibits more of his mannerism, by which, it is true, he attained distinction, but from which he would do well to cast himself free. Among other products of the Munich school, Falkenberg's "End of the Day" (97), and Weder's "Black Day on the Coast of Holland" (51) deserve especial notice. The French school is not strongly represented this year; but Bouguereau's "Sick Child" (97) offering a candle at the shrine, although painted twenty years ago, will contrast favourably with some of his more recent works; the "Glances" (68) of Pierre Billet is forcible and gay in comparison with the treatment of the same subject by Millet, but it wants the tenderness of feeling which both that artist and Jules Breton would have thrown into the scene. Two minute works by C. Seiler (the German Meissonier), "The Recognition" (118), a priest looking out of his study window into a bright garden, and "The Aquafortist" (120), on whom a bright light falls, are quite equal to anything which this gifted artist has produced; and M. Chevallier's "Hush!" (119), an old priest enjoying his nap after dinner, is a remarkable instance of the solid effects which can be obtained in water colours without the aid of body colour.

The Exhibition of "Black and White" now on view at the St. James's Gallery (King-street, St. James's) does very great credit to Mr. Mendoza, by whom it has been got together, and who seems to be undertaking a task which, in truth, should be discharged by one of our numerous Societies of Artists. Unfortunately, experience has shown that in the hands of an irresponsible committee the work of selection was too often carelessly performed. No such complaint can be made with regard to Mr. Mendoza's choice; and although there must, of necessity, be in two hundred pictures varying degrees of excellence, the standard maintained is a very good one. In point of importance, we must give prominence to the oil works, of which there are some half dozen. Amongst these Mr. James Webb's "Salisbury" (90), and Mr. S. E. Waller's "Companions of the Bath" (22), a bathing-machine girl on a horse, coming out of the sea, are the most noteworthy. Mr. Allen Barraud makes a definite advance over his previous work in his "Trout-Fishing" (12), and "Drawn Blank" (19), a hunting scene, in both of which the figures and their surroundings bear evidence of careful study and imagination. Mr. J. C. Dollman's "Don't Care was Hanged" (91) is an admirably painted libel on a crow which, having had the misfortune to be shot on behalf of his companions, is used to scare them away; and his hanging body is made the object of their sententious self-glorification. Mr. Dollman, who has no small sense of the human or moral side of animals' character, sends also two other pictures, "A Guilty Conscience" (85) and "Retribution" (95), which complete the story originally sketched out in his "Stop Thief!" (89); and in this trilogy of cat and dog life there is a pleasantly told moral. Dog life, moreover, is well represented by Mr. Burton Barber's "St. Bernard Club Dog Show" (41), and horse life by Mr. Charlton's "Won in a Canter" (13). In a more serious vein is Mr. Weguelin's "Mark Antony over the Body of Caesar" (64); and the portrait of Miss Siddall (afterwards Mrs. Rossetti) is an interesting specimen of Mr. Rossetti's early work. The girl's head (9), by Mr. Alma Tadema, conveys a lesson which should be useful to students, showing as it does the value attached by the artist to a firm and decided outline to his work. The Roger De Coverley series of sketches by Mr. Hugh Thomson (60 and 136) reveal very considerable power in an artist who may fairly aim at occupying the place left vacant by the late Randolph Caldecott; Mr. Yglesias' "Phantoms of the Ice" (145) shows a really powerful conception of the beauties of the Thames within hail of London Bridge, and is worthy of being compared with Mr. Wyllie's (59) work. Of Mr. G. L. Seymour's various works, "Seaweed Gathering" (135) "On the Seine" (77), &c., one cannot deny the cleverness, but they suggest, in certain

points, so strongly the aid of photography having been invoked, that we hesitate to accord them the praise they would otherwise deserve. There is good work of various kinds by Mr. Caton Woodville, Mr. Fred. Barnard, Mr. Herkomer, Mr. A. W. Henley, and Mr. J. W. North; and we cannot understand how in these days of depression, when costly oil pictures find but a slow sale, that there is not an almost unlimited demand for original "black and white" when the sketches are of such merit as the majority of those in this exhibition.

NEW BOOKS.

A strange book for a parson to write, mostly about "fast" undergraduates, their troubles, and their amusements (especially the admirable game of cricket), is the first reflection that occurs to one after a perusal of *Oxford Memories*: by the Rev. J. Pycroft, B.A. (Richard Bentley and Son); and the general impression left upon the mind is far from pleasant. The two volumes are eminently readable, however; there is no doubt about that. They are even fascinating, but with a terrible as well as an agreeable fascination. Certain delicate subjects, which it would have been much better not to touch at all, are treated of with a bluntness which almost amounts to cynicism, and in language which is likely to astonish paterfamilias, who will understand, no doubt, the Latin employed by way of a very thin disguise, and to excite the suspicion of materfamilias, though she may not be able to translate the "ancient classics." The young ladies of the present generation, of the higher education, will probably need no interpreter, and will be qualified to appreciate fully the author's witty adaptation of a Roman poet's expressions. Though there is much that is laughter-moving in the pages, not a little that is wholesome and profitable, and encouraging both for parents and for their children, and a modicum of what is truly pathetic, there is very much more of heart-ache, whether for the many readers who date the rack and ruin of their lives to their three or four years at "the University," or for the fathers and mothers who either know what it is to have sons at Oxford or Cambridge, or who are about to commence that frequently very sad experience. That the picture drawn is true to the life, there can be very few who, being competent to express an opinion, will deny. Still, these "memories" are a "retrospect after fifty years"; let us hope that there has been some very considerable improvement during that period in some respects, although in others there may have been—as some of us who are in "the sere, the yellow leaf" may vehemently declare that there has been—a grievous deterioration. At any rate, it can hardly be denied that public opinion is far less inclined now than it formerly was to regard an undergraduate as a sort of irresponsible being; and that is a change in the right direction.

High as our authority may be for stating that "the age of chivalry is dead," the publication of such books as *Mary Stuart: A Sketch and a Defence*: by Gerard Daniel (Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co.), is difficult to reconcile with the statement. No particular good can be wrought by such works, even if they could be founded upon new, ascertained, indisputable facts: strong probability is about all that can be hoped for, at the very best. And, for some years past, all that is ever likely to be known has been known (and discussed) about Mary, Queen of Scots, her loveliness, her misfortunes, her favourites, her oppressors, her sorrows, her sins, and her terrible expiation. Nor does it appear that, on the present occasion, the author has any fresh, or if fresh, unimpeachable evidence to submit: he comes forward rather as an advocate who hopes to make more than has yet been made of whatever his predecessors and himself have been able to gather together in Mary's favour. It would seem, then, that he can have been moved by a chivalrous spirit only when he undertook his task; and he deserves all the credit that was once considered due to a spirit incorrectly supposed to have departed. His book resolves itself into a sketch of Mary's early life (though very meagre indeed is the account of her comparatively long spell of happiness in France), a deliberately sensational description of Rizzio's murder, and an enthusiastic attempt to dispel the "dark shadow" which has always rested upon "that portion of her history immediately preceding her imprisonment in Lochleven." The attempt may be eminently successful; but the success, however greatly it may soothe the author's own perturbed spirit, will have but little effect upon poor Queen Mary's, perturbed or not.

The reader will find a pleasantly written book in *Our Home by the Adriatic*: by the Hon. Margaret Collier (Madame Galletti di Cadilhac), published by Messrs. Bentley and Son. The volume describes how a sanguine husband and wife, the former apparently a native Italian, and the latter apparently a native Englishwoman, went to settle in a part of Italy whither—as they were at first glad to think, and soon afterwards inclined to regret—Mr. Cook and his tourists had never found their way. For, though tourists may be an abomination, they also are human, very often have some decent notions of comfort, and do good service in civilising—though they may do some harm in spoiling and corrupting—the picturesque but barbarous inhabitants of primitive districts. Petty, perhaps, from the philosopher's point of view, but heart-rending from the mother's and the housewife's, were the trials of the lady who recounts her experience of settling down in an Italian paradise, within sight of the blue Adriatic, untrodden by the foot of the tourist. Alleviations of her lot there were; and in a dozen years she reduced chaos to order, changed misery into comparative blessedness, as the many readers who should become acquainted with her book will discover for themselves to their satisfaction and entertainment.

Among the books which are not exactly novels or romances, but combine a study of real life with a modicum of fiction, a place, or a couple of places, must be assigned to *The Cruise of the Black Prince*: by Commander V. Lovett Cameron, R.N., C.B., D.C.L. (Chatto and Windus), and *Zorah*: by Elizabeth Balch (William Blackwood and Sons), each story being contained in a single, very readable volume. The subject of the former is privateering, as it was conducted in the "good old times" (when the jolly "press gang" was so highly appreciated); of the latter, love, as it is supposed to exhibit itself in modern Egypt. Love, too, of course, is prominent in the story of privateering, for no captain of a privateer would ever have thought (in fiction) of setting sail for foreign parts without leaving behind him a "sweet little cherub," or rather a lovely young woman, to pray that he might kill lots of his fellow-creatures, get hosts of "prizes," win fame and wealth, and come home to marry her, even in spite of a churlish father's opposition. The tale of privateering is calculated to take the fancy of adventurous boys, rivet their attention, and interfere with their lessons; the tale of modern Egyptian love is more likely to win the suffrages of passionate and sentimental young ladies. The latter is very pathetic, and is noticeable for some striking scenes and situations, described with no little power and great warmth of feeling; the former is written in a good, manly style, with all the spirit and knowledge of a true sailor. Both

tales may now be commended to the cordial acceptance of those for whom they seem to have been chiefly intended.

It would have been unpardonable in so veteran a book-maker as Mr. Percy Fitzgerald had he failed to know a good deal about books and their history. *The Book-Fancier* (Sampson Low, Marston, and Co.) proves that his acquaintance with the science of bibliography is, if not always accurate, at any rate, extensive; and he has plenty to relate about books and bookmen which, if not altogether new, is generally interesting. It does not, however, strike us that he is possessed with the enthusiasm which marks similar treatises by Dibdin and Dr. Hill Burton, or by the poetic fancy which plays round Mr. Andrew Lang's pleasant study of the subject. Mr. Fitzgerald, however, brings down his researches to a recent date, and tells us the story of the last battle over a Mazarin bible. The last, we should add, until next spring, when the copy now in the Crawford Library will be offered for competition. There are only five known copies of this wonderful work, and that for which Mr. Quaritch and Mr. Ellis contended in noble rivalry at the System Park Library, just two years ago, fell to the former for £3900. In his chapter on "Caxtons" Mr. Fitzgerald omits to tell us how quite recently a Chaucer, from that press, had for some time served to light the fire in a certain City library, and was only rescued by the merest accident from complete destruction. Among later English printers Baskerville, Tonson, Bulmer, and Foulis hold a distinguished place; but it is worthy of remark that, whilst Baskerville's types were purchased by a French firm, and the imprints from them in that country still fetch high prices, his English printed books are but slightly esteemed amongst his fellow-countrymen. At the same time, French publishers resorted to Tonson for printing their works; and some of the folios to which Mr. Fitzgerald vaguely alludes were French classics, still highly valued by foreign book-collectors. One of the most interesting chapters of this pleasant volume is that on Dickensiana; and if anything were needed to show the popularity of the works, style, and personality of Charles Dickens, it is illustrated by the fact that a catalogue has recently been made of all the editions, imitations, continuations, &c., of Dickens' works—amounting to over four hundred items. One book—"The Story of the Bible," written by Dickens for his children, although printed, was never published—has for years been the "San Graal" of countless book-hunters; but there is no record of any having succeeded in his quest.

Dealing with the same subject, but conceived in a very different spirit, is Mr. J. Rogers Rees' *Diversions of Book-Worms* (Elliot Stock), a dainty volume, which will prove as pleasant a companion by the fireside in winter as under the trees at midsummer. "As a man should find in the wife of his bosom a resting-place from the world, so should he find a safe retreat in his study from a harassing care." The world alas! now-a-days lives so fast that those who really care for lettered ease, and are content to let others struggle for notoriety, are few and far between; and we are thankful to Mr. Rees for showing us, as he does, the pleasures which may, if we woo them aright, still cling to books. He tells us, too, many a half-known or half-forgotten story of the bookworm of olden days, of how Mr. Upcott unearthed Evelyn's Diary, and Theodore Parker was nearly turned out of his own house by the constantly increasing stream of books which overflowed it. Of Coleridge, Lamb, Procter, and a host of others, he has a budget of reminiscences, his own and other peoples. Not the least entertaining pages of this volume are those devoted to quotations from a catalogue of five hundred living authors (1788), a work which at least can lay more claim to existence than the famous *Epistolæ obscurorum virorum*, which have perplexed so many commentators. Here is a specimen of the National Biography of the last century: "More, Hannah, a school-mistress at Bristol. She published, in 1773, 'The Search After Happiness,' a pastoral drama in rhyme, written to be performed by her pupils. . . . She has lately been celebrated for her animated patronage, and still more animated quarrel with Mrs. Anne Yearsley, a poetical milkwoman." Here is another: "Horsley, Samuel, D.D., F.R.S., Lord Bishop of St. David's. Dr. Horsley married his maid-servant, and is the editor of the late edition of Sir Isaac Newton's 'Principia.'"

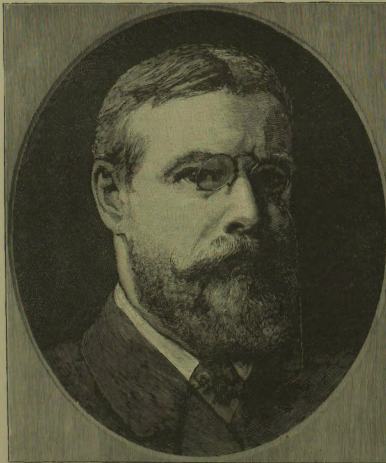
By a curious coincidence, both Mr. Rees and Mr. Fitzgerald are attracted by a work now in process of publication at Paris—*Peintures et Ornaments des Manuscrits*, by Comte Auguste De Bastard. The "Partie Française" is divided into three sections, of which each number (*livraison*) costs £72; and the entire division will cost, when completed, £3678. If the Count's work should comprise only two other parts of equal extent with the French, the price of a single copy will reach £11,000. As the French Government has already subscribed for sixty copies, we can understand the difficulty which French Ministers of Finance have in accurately adjusting their Budgets. In conclusion, we cordially commend these bright and chatty essays on topics of which book-readers and book-collectors never weary.

A book, of which there are but three copies in existence, containing the Legend of the Cross, was printed in 1483. It contained sixty-four woodcuts illustrative of the legend, and these are now reproduced in *The Legendary History of the Cross*, with an introduction written and illustrated by John Ashton; preface by S. Baring Gould, M.A. (Fisher Unwin). The volume is brought out in a style quaint enough to harmonise with the cuts; and Mr. Ashton inserts in it the history of the Golden Legend as related by Caxton, and gives also an account of the story as depicted in the quaint woodcuts. The fables associated with the wood of the cross were greatly cherished during the Middle Ages, and it is noteworthy to contrast with them the entire freedom from any superstition of the kind in the writers of the New Testament. The most sensible comments on the subject in Mr. Ashton's curious volume come from the pen of the arch iconoclast, John Calvin, who, after observing that the true cross was carried by one man, adds, "What audacity, then, was this, to fill the earth with pieces of wood in such quantity that three hundred men cannot carry them!" Mr. Gould considers that the production of a Christian romance literature in the early ages of the Church and in the Middle Ages was necessary in order to supply the place of the popular love romances then largely circulated. The romances might not have been wholesome reading, but, at least, they could not be mistaken for history, whereas the legends of the Church were falsehoods, which the ignorant and superstitious were encouraged to accept as truth. Perhaps the best excuse for these fables is that in many cases the men with whom they originated and the men who accepted them were deceived alike.

Under the auspices of the London Ornithological Society, an exhibition of cage and song birds, British and foreign, has been held at the Westminster Aquarium. The exhibits, which numbered nearly a thousand, were made up, for the most part, of canaries and mules of multitudinous tints, the numbers being augmented by some splendid specimens of the wild habitants of our groves and gardens—amongst them the thrush and the blackbird.



AN OLD STORY.



L. ALMA TADEMA, R.A.—FROM A PAINTING BY HIMSELF.

THE LIFE AND WORK OF ALMA TADEMA.

Among those artists, and their number is by no means small, who have chosen their subjects from the history and mythology of the ancient Greeks and Romans, comparatively few have dealt with the every-day life of those, the two most civilised nations of the old world; but in Laurens Alma Tadema we have a learned and skilful delineator of Roman society as it was in the later days of the Republic and the Empire, when the nation that had extended its sovereignty to the furthest corners of the earth was being gradually undermined by those erring influences which Cato vainly endeavoured to resist; in Tadema we have an historian who shows us, through the medium of his art, manners and customs which suggest many points of comparison with our own of the present day.

Yet he has by no means confined himself to that nation or period, although he has certainly shown a great partiality for Rome and the Romans; for he has, in some of his earlier pictures, chosen to depict for us incidents in the history, as narrated by the early chroniclers, of those tribes who were destined to complete the overthrow of the Empire of the West. The life of ancient Greece, too, the country where art reached its highest perfection, has been dealt with by him, although it has failed to attract him in the same way that Roman life has; and in the picture of "Phidias at Work on the Parthenon," we see the friends of the great sculptor—the leaders of political and social life in Athens—at a sort of private view of his work, which is the splendid frieze of the Parthenon, the remains of which, have come down to us.

Although Alma Tadema is usually spoken of as an English artist, he is by birth a Dutchman. He was born in a village near Leenwarden, in Holland, in the year 1836, and from his earliest youth he had an ardent desire to be a painter; but his guardians were opposed to the idea, and it was determined that he should become a lawyer, like his father. But an illness, presumably brought on by worry and the strain of studying for a profession so ungenial to him, while derailing all his spare time to art, proved so serious that it was decided that he should abandon the law and be allowed to follow his inclination as an artist. The cause of his malady being removed, Tadema soon recovered, and without delay started for Antwerp, to study at the Academy there, under Wappers, a leading artist at that time, where, working with might and main to make up for lost time, he

laid the foundation of that conscientious skill for which his pictures are now so famous. He left the Academy to enter the studio of Leys, the historical painter, and while there assisted him in his frescoes for the Guildhall at Antwerp.

After the death of his first wife, in 1869, he came to England, which has since become his home, and which now owns him as one of her most prominent artists. In 1871 he married again; he was elected an Associate of the Royal Academy in 1876, and a full Academician in 1879, having completely established his reputation as a leading artist. Until lately he has lived in a house near the Regent's Park, which he has now abandoned for one that he is building for himself in the neighbourhood of St. John's Wood.

Three or four years ago the public had an opportunity of seeing the whole, or at least the greater part, of this artist's work when the majority of his pictures were collected together and exhibited at the Grosvenor Gallery in the winter of 1883-4. There one was able to trace the growth of that wonderful manipulation which he has now brought to its highest perfection, and to admire the painting of the textures and marble, which forms so important an item in his work. The strict archaeological accuracy and wonderful knowledge of detail in his pictures are proof of the earnest and conscientious spirit in which he has worked, and might be compared to the wonderful minuteness which distinguishes the art of Mabuse.

Tadema has completely discarded in his works all the old conventional rules of composition, and one often finds an unusual arrangement in his pictures—as in the one exhibited in the Academy a year or two ago, entitled "The Emperor Hadrian in England" (one of the largest he has ever painted), where one catches a glimpse of the potters at their work in a room beneath the one in which the principal figures are standing, and in "Down to the River," an engraving of which we give on another page, where none of the figures exceed the half-length. He often, too, places his subject completely in shadow, and delights in curious effects of light, one instance of which may be seen in the picture of "Phidias at Work on the Parthenon," where the light is introduced from below.

In the picture bearing the appropriate title of "An Old Story," of which we give an engraving, there are all the qualities which usually distinguish the painter's work. It is a theme that he has more than once illustrated. A girl and her lover are sitting on the marble seat in the grounds of some villa at

Bais, perhaps, or another Roman watering-place, while behind them stretches the sea. Both the figures are in tone, and their faces are lighted up by the luminous reflection from the marble. It is another instance of the art of which Mr. Ruskin has said "that whether of Greek or Roman life, Mr. Alma Tadema's pictures are always in twilight," . . . and "with that universal twilight there was also universal crouching or lolling posture—either in fear or laziness."

Another of our illustrations is of the picture of Claudius proclaimed Emperor after the murder of Caligula, called "Ave Caesar! To Saturnalia!" It depicts the moment when, after the murder of the Emperor, Claudius is drawn from the hiding-place where he had secreted himself, in terror of sharing the fate of his nephew, and is proclaimed Emperor by the Pratorians. The expression of intense fear on the face of the weak-minded Claudius, the dead bodies of the attendants, or perhaps of the actors whose rehearsal the murdered man had been attending, and the mocking exclamations of the guards and servants of the palace who have taken part in the tragedy, all go to make up one of the most dramatic pictures that Tadema has ever painted. Another picture in which Alma Tadema has shown an equal power of dramatic expression is the "Tyrinus Supplicans," where the figure of Targuin striking off the heads of the tallest poppies as an answer to the messenger from Gabii, is very finely conveyed. In Tadema's pictures of Roman life we have the Roman citizens engaged in their various pursuits, or rather in their moments of leisure; for of all his pictures we scarcely remember one which shows us the sterner side of Roman life: excepting, of course, those dealing with some historical event, they nearly all treat of the amusements and pleasures of the society of the period, and we are shown the way which the wealthy "rulers of the world" succeeded in killing time when not engaged in their more serious occupations. In the engraving of "The Entrance to a Roman Theatre," we see men and women thronging to see the last new play of Plautus, or Terence; while sometimes the scene is laid in the studio of a fashionable artist, whose critical friends are examining his latest achievement, or, as in the picture called "The Bath," which we reproduce, the Roman ladies are enjoying themselves in one of those magnificent public *thermae* which were the outcome of the luxurious habits of the rich citizens of Rome. The pictures that Alma Tadema sent to last summer's exhibition of the Grosvenor Gallery, and the "Apolyterium," at the Academy this year, which called forth so

much admiration at the time, are still fresh in our memory; and in his portraits that he has exhibited during the last two or three years, we see him exercising his power in a branch of his art to which until lately he has not given much attention.

We are indebted to the courtesy of the proprietors of the *Art Journal* for permission to reproduce the four Engravings on page 591 from their *Art Journal*, which is devoted to the life and work of Mr. Alma Tadema, and which contains an excellent selection of reproductions from his pictures, accompanied by a succinct and exhaustive account of them and the artist by Helen Zimmer, an accomplished writer on all matters of art. It has been published in a volume together with the two previous *Art Journals*, dealing, respectively, with the life and work of Sir F. Leighton and Sir John Millais, and altogether forms an interesting and valuable record of the work of three of the leaders of contemporary English art. The arrangement of these memoirs enables the reader to trace the progress of the artists under the influences which surrounded them in youth to the later achievements of their prime, giving, at the same time, a personal sketch of the men and their surroundings. Of the numerous illustrations which the volume contains, those of the "Ophelias," and "The Death of Abel," from the works of Sir Frederick Leighton, and "The Boaster," and "Chill October," from those of Sir John Millais, appear to us to be deserving of the highest praise; while in the Alma Tadema number there are many most excellent etchings and engravings.

The volume containing the *Art Journal* for 1886 quite maintains the high standard of previous years. It numbers among its contributors many eminent writers on all subjects of interest to the artistic public, and, besides being a record of the work that has been done during the current year, it gives many excellent articles on every conceivable subject in any way connected with the industrial or fine arts. Among the full-page engravings and etchings there are reproductions of Waterhouse's picture of "The Favourites of the Emperor Honorius," C. E. Johnson's "Guth, the Swineherd," and Leslie's "Nautica and her Maidens," and an original etching by Paul Rajon; there is also a fine photograph of Meissonier's picture of "1814," and, accompanying an account of the artist, we have a reproduction in facsimile of Frisic's "Brigands of the Desert," exhibited in last year's Salon.

OUR HEROINES.

Heroines are getting plainer; it is a gloomy fact—more especially women's heroines: who, however, were perhaps at no time quite so dazzling in their loveliness as men's. Even so far back as Miss Austen we find this: I think Catherine and Emma and the rest were, for the most part, only well-looking, clean young women, far less radiant than their men-made contemporaries, Rebecca, Rowena, Amy.

Perhaps it is wrong to speak as if there were only one kind of heroine, and that the kind that inhabits novels; but it is, unluckily, the only sort I have myself encountered. I don't think I ever met a real live—an acknowledged, so to speak, professional—heroine. Everyone, I hope, has had his own private heroines, who are very likely the truest and the best; yet I admit a wish to know, to talk to, a Joan of Arc, or a Grace Darling, just for once—and have no fear of being disillusioned, of finding her of the life-boat grown to a stupid, vulgar old woman. Heroism is nobler than this; and if cynics see only a shoddy side to it, the fault is in their eyesight.

But, so far, the heroines I have known have lived in books, and very dear and delightful people they have been. All the more does the change that is coming over their class set one to muse. Certainly, their outward charms are less insisted upon than in the old time (was it the "good old time"?), though they have, for the most part, minds of a description quite unknown then—a days, and moral qualities altogether differing—whether for better or for worse—from those of the gracious ladies of Shakspeare or Scott.

It is partly these women-writers, you know, who will make their heroines fancy portraits of themselves; there is something touching in it, a little reality, and a great deal of monotony. For, as the odds are *prima facie* considerably against any given lady-writer of novels being a person of special beauty, while again the odds are incalculable against such lady-writer thinking herself unattractive, she is obliged to harmonise these two negatives: she protests, even too much, that she is plain—yet she lets us guess, she even insists on our guessing, that to the eyes of men she is weirdly fascinating; she describes her hair remorselessly as red—but can it truly be that she does not know that red is fashionable now, and need not even change its name (as poor Jack Huggins masquerades of late as De Hogyns) to chestnut or to auburn? One cannot help thinking how furious the fair autobiographer (who so constantly disclaims her fairness) would be, if some candid artist employed to illustrate her book took her at her word, and did but dare to make her right-down plain.

How differently the novelists—the male novelists, in those simple days the majority—of a century ago dowered with beauty their "leading ladies"! Their great forerunner, Fielding, is minute enough in his description of the amiable Sophia; but for a conscientious catalogue of a lady's charms, commend me, before all writers earlier or later, to Sir Walter. I cannot help recollecting the portentous fact that he would, his own task-master, coolly set himself his daily quantum of so many lines—so many hundred lines, I almost fancy!—of verse before breakfast; and although those octosyllables of "fatal facility" held far less of poetry than his stories of grey windy Edinburgh and the rough seacoast, yet even in these there are glimpses now and then of that appalling business-like determination to give full value for the reader's money.

Take Rebecca, perhaps his most famous heroine—stately dark Rebecca—there is almost a page of her. "The brilliancy of her eyes, the superb arch of her eyebrows, her well-formed aquiline nose, her teeth as white as pearl, and the profusion of her sable tresses, which, each arranged in its own little spiral of twisted curls, fell down upon as much of a lovely neck and bosom as" the propriety of the Wizard of the North could leave uncovered. The catalogue is continued throughout a portly paragraph; but one carries away no idea of the lady's appearance, save a vague notion of a Jewish young woman with corkscrew curls. And as for Rowena—described yet more lengthily—one only feels that her hair was quite offensively light.

But when Scott's homely, genuine genius struck upon the subject most akin to it, his style showed the change at once. This is his truest heroine, Jeanie Deans:—"She was short, and rather too stoutly made for her size, had grey eyes, light-coloured hair, a round, good-humoured face, much tanned with the sun, and her only peculiar charm was an air of inexpressible serenity." There is some more of her, but it is not a mere conventional catalogue of regularities. She is human, at all events.

No one loved and honoured Sir Walter more than Thackeray, and it comes quite naturally to go, at once to his most wonderful heroine—the beauty who, as W. C. Roscoe finely said, "shines down" all others from Helen of Troy onwards—Beatrice Esmond. "Taller than her mother, a slim and lovely young girl, with cheeks mantling with health and roses; with eyes like stars shining out of azure; with waving bronze hair clustered about the fairest young forehead ever seen; and a mien and shape haughty and beautiful, such as that of the famous antique statue of the huntress Diana." The simple old Queen Anne style is filled with a glow and influx of poetry, that Addison never knew, when Harry Esmond speaks of his love.

Sad is the change from Thackeray to Dickens—who is notorious for the supreme lack of interest inspired by his heroines: I mean his orthodox grown-up heroines, not Little Nell nor dear absurd Dora. And it seems almost intentional—he, who noted everything, who burnt into our brains the gleam of Carver's teeth, will turn you off a couple of heroines with nothing more definite than the beggarly adjective "beautiful" between them. I declare that in "Nicholas Nickleby" Madeline (does one reader in fifty even recollect her name?) is never described one whit more elaborately than this, until the villainous old satyr who plots to marry her maunders about dark eyes, and ripe and ruddy lips; while poor Kate Nickleby is put down, once for all, as "slight, but very beautiful," and there an end.

In quite another way, the latest fashion almost equals Dickens in terseness. After George Eliot, who pictured the outside of her heroines with a kind of ponderous brevity very different from the microscopic minuteness of her analysis of their minds, and Charles Kingsley, who gave to elaborate detail a kind of classic gush: after all these, there followed many a contemporary school of novel-writers, chief among whom to-day are perhaps the Americans. These carry to its extreme the opposite art to that of Scott, for Mr. Howells and Mr. Henry James (Junior, of course) are above all things masters of the impressive hint. Take that unsuccessful feminine practitioner, Dr. Breen: after she has talked undescribed for some time, we learn that "she was a serious-faced girl," and now, "when she frowned, her black brows met sternly above her grey eyes." It soon appears that she is "handsome," but that is all—until quite suddenly, at the end of the book, when she takes to making love to her rejected sweetheart, her "young figure in bewildering relief" and her "lovely shape" are rather surprisingly insisted upon. E. R.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

JACK (Jersey).—In No. 2220 if White play 1. Kt to R 6th, as you propose, Black's answer is 1. Kt to R 5th; and if White then play 2. Kt to B 5th, 2. K takes P escapes from mate.

R. C. H. (Worthing).—Write to Mr. Morgan, Medina-road, Holloway, and he will send you a priced list.

J. R. (Whitley).—In no circumstances can one King check another.

R. G. S. (Withington).—Thanks for your card.

COLUMBUS.—Thanks; the problem shall be examined.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2219 received from A. Johnson (Constantinople); of No. 2220 from the Rev. John Wells (Barnstable, U.S.A.), F. E. Gibbins (Tiflis), and H. Musselius (Tiflis); of No. 2221 from J. G. C. Brutsberg, E. L. G. Submarine (Dover); of No. 2222 from Sergeant James Sage (Bury St. Edmunds), O. E. Turner, Emile Frau, J. C. Wesley, W. Harris, Peterhouse, and Submarine (Dover).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2223 received from H. Reeve, E. Louden, Richard Murphy (Wexford), C. Oswald, W. R. Raillem, E. Featherstone, L. Wyman, Jack, E. Ishbury, Emile Frau, H. Wardell, Laura Greaves, R. L. Southwell, S. Bullen, F. Marshall, E. Casella (Paris), R. Worters, J. Hepworth Shaw, Submarine (Dover), T. S. Lindsay, H. Lucas, Thomas Chown, G. W. Law, Jupiter Junior, Shadforth, R. Tweddell, C. E. P. Aledrez, W. Hillier, J. K. (South Hampstead), A. C. Hunt, J. Hall, Ben Novis, Hereward, L. Sharswood, Ernest Sharswood, R. H. Brooks, Joseph Ainsworth, C. Darmah, Julia Short, L. Desanges, Columbus, B. R. Wood, W. A. P. Peterhouse, Otto Fulder (Ghent), T. Roberts, E. E. H. Commander W. L. Martin (R.N.), C. B. Turner, L. Falcon (Antwerp), W. B. Smith, W. Heathcote, E. L. G. Oliver, Icingia, W. H. D. Henvey, Fidelitas, T. G. (Ware), and W. D. Wight.

NOTE.—Only communications received up to the 19th inst. are acknowledged in this Number.

NOTE.—Several correspondents point out a misprint in the four-move problem by "Etak," published in a recent issue. The White Pawns described as at K R 4th and 5th should have been placed Q R 4th and 5th.

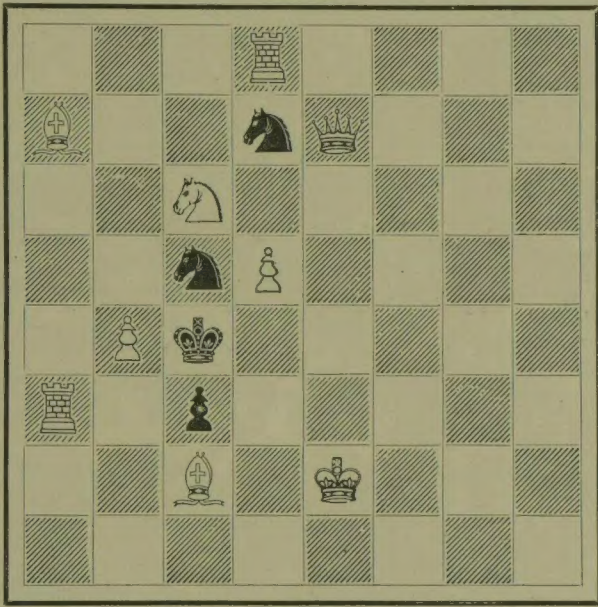
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2222.

WHITE. BLACK.
1. B to K R 2nd P to Kt 5th
2. Kt to Kt sq K to Q 5th
3. R takes P. Mate.

PROBLEM No. 2225.

By J. P. TAYLOR.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

One of nineteen Games played simultaneously by Mr. BLACKBURN, at Bradford.

(Allgaier Gambit.)

WHITE (Mr. B.)	BLACK (Amateur).	WHITE (Mr. B.)	BLACK (Amateur).
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	13. P takes Kt	Q takes P
2. P to K B 4th	P takes P	14. B to B 4th (ch)	K to R sq
3. Kt to K B 3rd	P to Kt 4th	15. Q to K 2nd	R to Kt sq
4. P to K R 4th	P to Kt 5th	16. B to Kt 7th (ch)	
5. Kt to K 5th	P to Q 3rd		
6. Kt takes B P	K takes Kt		
7. P to Q 4th	B to R 3rd		
7. P to Q 4th is the correct reply at this point.			
8. B to K 2nd	Kt to K B 3rd		
9. Kt to B 3rd	R to K sq		
10. Castles	Kt takes P		
11. B takes B P	Kt takes Kt		
12. B takes B (dis. ch)	K to Kt sq		

Played in the late tournament of the British Chess Association for the prizes presented by Lord Tennyson, between the Rev. G. A. MACDONNELL and another Amateur.

(French Defence.)

WHITE (Mr. M.)	BLACK (Mr. W. D.)	WHITE (Mr. M.)	BLACK (Mr. W. D.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 3rd	14. Kt takes P	B takes Kt P
2. P to Q 4th	P to Q Kt 3rd	15. Kt to Q 6th (ch)	B takes Kt P
3. B to Q 3rd	P to Q 4th	16. P takes B	B takes R
4. P to K 5th	P to Q B 4th	17. P takes Kt	Q takes P
5. P to Q B 3rd	P to B 5th	18. Q takes B	
6. B to B 2nd	P to Q Kt 4th		
7. Kt to K R 3d	P to Q R 4th		
8. P to Q Kt 3rd	B to K 2nd		
9. Castles	B to K 2nd		
10. P to B 4th	P to B 4th		
11. Kt to Q 2nd	Kt to Q R 3rd		
12. R to Kt sq	Kt to B 2nd		
White's last move directly threatened			
13. P takes P, and Kt takes P, followed, if			
the Kt is captured, by R takes B, &c.			
Black must have perceived this, but			
probably miscalculated the result of the			
exchanges that follow.			
13. P takes P	Q P takes P		

We regret to announce the death, on the 30th ult., of Mr. Thomas J. Beardsell, a well-known London amateur of the game. For many years past Mr. Beardsell has done good service in assisting the spread of chess in the working-men's clubs of the metropolis and its suburbs.

Mr. Blackburne visited Margate last week, and at the Clare House School, Cliftonville, played eight games simultaneously and *sans voir*. Mr. Fishwick defeated the champion, and Mr. Barrett drew with him, and the remaining six games were won by the blindfold player. F. Hermitage, Esq., Mayor of Margate, and W. J. Ingram, Esq., were among the company present on the occasion.

The first prize in the Chess Monthly tournament for three-move problems has been carried off by Mr. A. E. Studd, a composer of problems well and favourably known to readers of this column. We cordially congratulate Mr. Studd on his victory over many of the best-known composers of Germany, Austria, France, Hungary, Bohemia, Denmark, Italy, Canada, United States, India, Jamaica, and New Zealand, all nationalities being represented in the competition. The second and third prizes have been awarded to Messrs. D. Ristic, of Trieste, and Alois Perna, of Brunn, in the order named. It will be within the recollection of our readers that, when the preliminary award of the prizes for the two-move problems appeared, we pointed out a remarkable resemblance of the problem "Vix" to a well-known composition by Mr. J. G. Campbell. This problem, which tied for first prize, has since been disqualified; and Mr. Frank Henley carries off the honour of this tourney, in consequence.

The European Correspondent, an English newspaper published in Paris, has, in its issue of Nov. 13, a highly interesting article on the famous Café de la Régence, in the Rue St. Honoré. The article, written by Mr. Theodore Tilton, includes reminiscences of the leaders of French chess, from Philidor, Robespierre, and the First Napoleon, to the present French champion, M. De Rivière.

The report of the Reception Committee in connection with the Colonial and Indian Exhibition has been printed. This body, it will be remembered, was formed, at the instance of the Prince of Wales, for the purpose of insuring a cordial welcome to the distinguished Indians and Colonists who came to see the Exhibition, and how that purpose was fulfilled is minutely set forth in the report, to which we direct attention.

AUTHORS OF ONE BOOK.

In the days of Waller—and to his disgust, for he wanted the post himself—Dr. Zachary Cradock, famous for a single sermon, or at most for two sermons, was chosen Provost of Eton. In the following century a certain orator made a great speech in the House of Commons, and was silent ever afterwards. "Single-speech" Hamilton, who was greatly respected by Dr. Johnson, lived a long time on the strength of that oration, for he did not die until forty years after it was delivered. Like Dr. Cradock and William Gerard Hamilton, many an author lives on the reputation of a single work; and sometimes, if he be a poet, on a single poem. Other things he may have done, but they are unknown or forgotten; and just as Sir John Moore, a splendid soldier, takes his place in history from the masterly retreat in which he died; just as Wolfe, the good Irish clergyman, is solely remembered through his lines on Sir John Moore; just as Wolfe, the celebrated General, may be said to have won all his fame by dying nobly on the battle-field—for there is not one reader in twenty who can tell you anything about him before the siege of Quebec—so may it be said that not a few distinguished men of letters, even when producing a great amount, have won all their fame by a single effort. This is frequently the case in poetry. In that great art it is not the labour of a life but the inspiration of a moment that seems sometimes to ensure a long lease of fame. We say *seems*, because the plant may have been long maturing before it bursts suddenly into beauty. In writers of prose the effort is necessarily more protracted, but the result is the same. The author may have written much, but, as far as readers are concerned, he is the author of one book. Again and again attempts have been made, especially in our own day, to galvanise dead works into life; but readers know better than learned editors, and instinctively eschew them all.

Take a few illustrations, given at random, and without exact regard to chronology; but a remark may be made first. The most painstaking, exhaustive, and exhausting editor of our time has rehabilitated a score or two of old authors whose writings, save in brief portions, have long been slumbering in decent graves. The old fellows, in their old dresses, appear once more; and learned critics discover in them unspeakable beauties, due, we are impertinent enough to think, in many cases, to their antiquity and grotesqueness. Indeed, there never was a time when the familiar couplet of Pope was so true as it is now:—

Authors, like coins, grow dear as they grow old;
It is the rust we value, not the gold.

Sometimes we find a man of comparatively small genius placed high among the gods of literature, haply because his thoughts are quaint, and his spelling obsolete; sometimes a man, full of fantastic conceits, under which great genius is well-nigh smothered, is rewarded by the praise of his defects. For these and similar reasons the complete works of such writers, for example, as Donne and Marvell are but food for literary antiquaries, and their fame continues to rest, as it has hitherto done, on some writing—a song, a sonnet, or literary fragment, it may be—of which the authors probably thought little. This observation is not a digression, because the reader might otherwise be tempted to remark that the existence of an old writer's works in a modern form is an indication that his memory does not depend on a single production. Our contention is that in numerous cases it does.

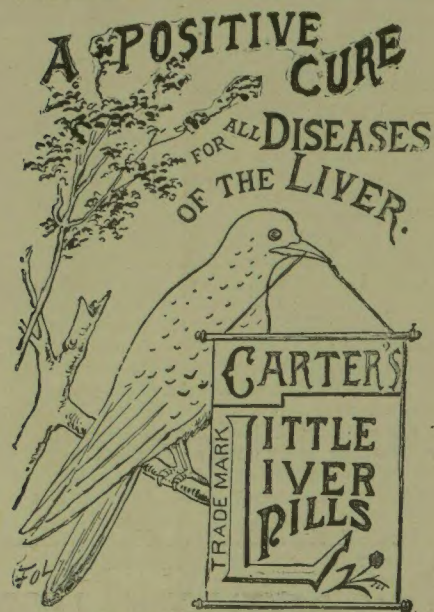
Among the famous one-book men there are Lord Herbert, with his "Autobiography"; Burton, with his "Anatomy of Melancholy"; Pepys, with his "Diary," which, without any intention on the writer's part, has earned a lasting place in literature; Blackstone, with his "Commentaries"; and Gilbert White, with his incomparable "History of Selborne." Boswell, too, the greatest of biographers, is the author of one book; for is there a reader in a thousand who has read his account of Corsica? Gray, as Dickens said, has come down to posterity with the smallest of volumes under his arm; and Collins, on the strength of some half-dozen lyrics, has been enthroned by Mr. Swinburne as the greatest lyric poet of his century. Addison, who was once regarded as a poet and a dramatist, has not, probably, a single living admirer either of his verses or his "Cato." No one reads his "Campaign" or his "Rosamond," although the latter has been praised by Macaulay; and Addison's living reputation, for his literary life is still vigorous, is wholly due to his essays. May we not say the same, too, of Charles Lamb, his incomparable successor in the same walk of letters? whose "Elia" is one of the most delicious volumes of English prose that this century has produced. Then there is Sheridan, who, as an author, lives upon the fame of three plays—"The School for Scandal," "The Rivals," and "The Critic." What a tiny book contains all we care to read of Blake, and not much larger is that which holds "the precious life-blood" of Keats.

Moreover, as we have already suggested, there are many writers who, although they wrote a great deal, would be forgotten were it not for one work, or, at most, two, which, by a nappy chance, have caught the ear of the public, and held it captive. "Petrarch," says Hallam, "was more proud of his Latin poem called 'Africa' than of the sonnets and odes which have made his name immortal;" and "Don Quixote," after nearly three centuries, is probably the most popular book in Europe: but without it neither the minor novels nor the dramatic pieces of Cervantes would have long outlived their author. Defoe, the most voluminous writer of his age, lives on the world-wide reputation of "Robinson Crusoe;" and Bunyan, who also wrote a great deal, is known to posterity as the author of the "Pilgrim's Progress."

In poetry every reader will have observed how much more quality tells than quantity. Already our greatest living poets have found it advisable to publish selections from their works, and many a name that holds its place in all poetical anthologies does so on the strength of a sonnet, a lyric, or an ode. For the most part the world likes to find "infinite riches in a little room," but at the same time it is impossible to deny that, on the whole, the greatest authors the world has known have generally been the most prolific. The fecundity of imagination and the intellectual wealth of writers like Shakspeare, Goethe, and Scott; like Bacon and Jeremy Taylor; like Ranke and Gibbon; like Voltaire, Georges Sand, Hugo, and the elder Dumas, rank them among the giants. When, as is the case of some of these distinguished writers, you have the highest literary worth with the richest variety, no reader grudges the space they occupy on his shelves. Do we want a play less from Shakspeare or a novel less from Scott?

After the end of the present month a fresh arrangement, provisionally made for three months, will come into force, whereby Tuesday's and Saturday's mails for America will be carried from Liverpool, calling at Queenstown a day later, and Thursday's mail from Southampton direct.

At Commons in the Middle Temple yesterday week Sir Thomas Chambers announced that the Prince of Wales had been invited to become treasurer of the Inn during the ensuing year—the jubilee of her Majesty, and that his Royal Highness had intimated his acceptance of the post. The health of the Prince—who is a Bencher of the Middle Temple—was then drunk by the assembled barristers and students.



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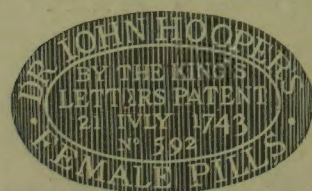


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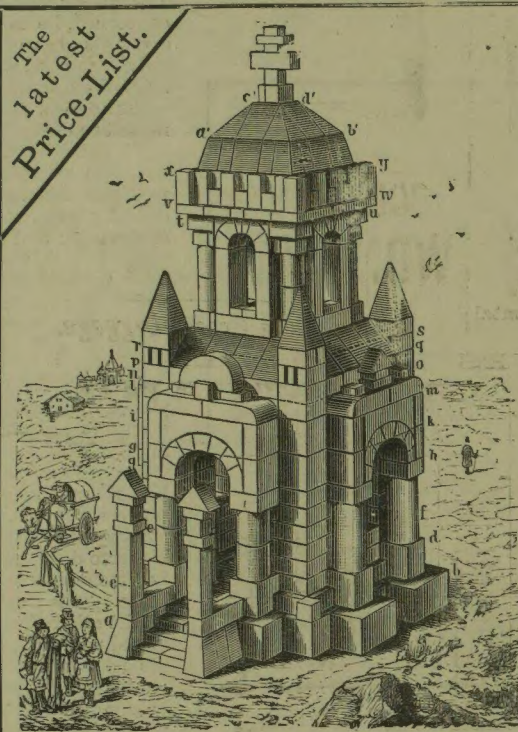
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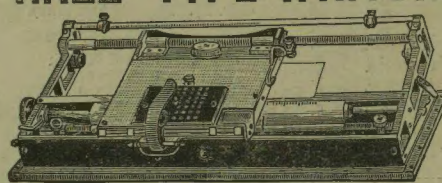
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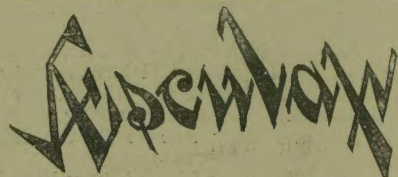
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